WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ASPEN? P. G. ERNST

THE NATION

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LETTERS

a pledge of conscience

New York City

DEAR SIRS: In your issue of July 11, James Baldwin described the case of six young men who are now serving life sentences for murder—"The Harlem Six." The Charter Group for a Pledge of Conscience, formed in 1964 as a means of bringing together and developing a role for white persons concerned about racial injustice in New York City, has retained four attorneys—William M. Kunstler, Conrad J. Lynn, Mary M. Kaufman and Gene Ann Condon—to file an amicus brief in connection with their appeal.

The Charter Group has not taken a position on the guilt or innocence of the six, but it has become convinced that their constitutional rights were violated from their arrests through their convictions. The primary issues on which the amicus brief will be based are the facts that the two confessions admitted into evidence were illegally obtained, and that the six defendants were denied court-appointed counsel of their choice. (The New York Civil Liberties Union is filing its own amicus brief on the latter issue.)

The Charter Group plans to follow the case of the Harlem Six through the Supreme Court. Contributions can be sent to the committee at Box 346, Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025.

Anthony J. Garro
Louise Lander

how to succeed?

Boulder, Colo.

DEAR SIRS: My husband and I had been meaning to write and thank you for your editorial ["California, There She Blows!" *The Nation,* June 20] commending Governor Brown of California. Mr. Jerry Engelbach's letter in the July 4 issue claiming that Governor Brown "failed as a human being" because he did not "save Caryl Chessman" prompts us to write the long delayed letter.

Governor Brown acted with both great "human" and political courage in the Chessman case. He first stated unequivocally that he was opposed to capital punishment and that he would certainly commute Chessman's sentence if the laws of the state of California would permit him to do so. However, by law, the Governor could not commute the sentence of a man previously convicted of felony. Then the Governor called a special session of the California legislature and laid it on the line to members of both parties, thus alienating many members of his own party by exposing their determination to retain capital punishment.

Few acts of any governor of any state have been any bolder or any more "humane." We wonder what, in the view of Mr. Engelbach and other uninformed persons, Governor Brown could have done in order to "succeed as a human being."

Lois Phillips Hudson
Randolph H. Hudson

the viability of violence

Syracuse, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: I long ago gave up hope that the editors of *The Nation* . . . would disavow violence as a viable solution to all problems of the modern world.

But I did believe that in these days the editors never would make so shallow an observation about nonviolence as appears in the editorial on James Meredith's views in the June 27 issue. *(continued on page 90)*

EDITORIALS

Snow Job

As the founding fathers well knew, undistorted information about public affairs is as vital to democracy as universal suffrage. As we are now being taught, modern techniques of management of the news are destructive of the democratic process. A current example is the way in which the latest escalation of the Vietnamese war—the bombing of the oil installations in Hanoi and Haiphong—was turned into the most prophylactic combat operation in history, with domestic protest effectively muffled in advance.

The present campaign was not entrusted to underlings like Arthur Sylvester, the accomplished juggler of fact and fancy at the Pentagon. This time it came straight from Papa at the White House and, from a purely technical standpoint, one must admire his performance. Nothing was left to chance and every possible loophole for truth was closed off. Top officials received outlines of the points to be stressed—that the United States was winning, that Hanoi knew it was losing, that domestic opposition was negligible and that the latest bombings were proof of our peaceful purpose and our carefully graduated, humane way of fighting the war which had been forced on us.

Against the protests of C.B.S. and N.B.C., the Defense Department withheld films of the Hanoi and Haiphong bombings. Accounts in the French press reported the wailing of ambulances and other indications of casualties, but the Administration insisted that only one or two civilians had been hit. Precision bombing had achieved miraculous levels of accuracy, and the home folks could enjoy their vacations assured that our fliers burned only oil, not people.

Another prong of the news management operation consisted of a chorus of optimistic statements by the President, Secretary McNamara, and acting Secretary of State George Ball—statements which, without actually saying so, gave the impression that with these bombings, and perhaps a few further escalations, we were on the home stretch. In *The New York Times,* Max Frankel referred to these paeans as a "sustained celebration of progress" designed to persuade Americans that the war had reached a turning point. "By blunting the criticism at home," Frankel suggested, "officials are said to seek not only political advantage but also a further demonstration to Hanoi that it cannot count on domestic opposition to inhibit the American war effort."

It is scarcely likely that except for their own home propaganda purposes the leaders in Hanoi ever harbored any such idea. How often has a great military power been seriously handicapped in the prosecution of a war by minority opposition? Even the often cited French example in Vietnam has been greatly exaggerated; the French army was defeated by the Vietminh, not by Mendès-France. But in the way of political advantage, and muting such opposition as Mr. Johnson has encountered in his design for conquest in Southeast Asia, the campaign worked perfectly. The President's Harris rating shot up 12 points, from a pre-bombing low of 42 per cent to 54 per cent. The President, who reckons in percentages without asking questions when the arithmetic favors him, was elated. Harris himself was

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more discerning and pointed out that the 5-to-1 support for the bombings had to be interpreted. People are tired of the war. They want it ended. They hoped that the bombings might do it, although on the face of it how could an enemy like the Vietcong, without an air force, tanks, and heavy artillery, be greatly handicapped by a shortage of petroleum?

But this acquiescence, and the entire record of management of the news in this war, only shows that crude methods of manipulation work quite well with the mass of citizens. The intellectuals may be disturbed, together with politicians like Fulbright, Morse, Gruening, Aiken, et al., but most of the people are still committed to the "my country right or wrong" mores and are glad to receive the President's assurance that we are reluctantly combating a godless enemy. They believe in democracy in a desultory way, as if it had been established in 1776 and nothing could ever happen to it. These millions of self-satisfied Americans had better learn to read the news, to become sophisticated about news management, and to be utterly skeptical about anything this Administration tells them. Otherwise they will find themselves with the forms of democracy but none of the substance.

The Coming Crisis

Giving Mr. Johnson all due credit (or discredit) for his masterly manipulation of public opinion in the Hanoi-Haiphong bombings, he still faces a turbulent political future. The dissenting minority can grow into a majority; the very fluidity of the polls shows how unstable the situation is. Nor does one poll make an election, when it is still four months off and may turn on a war that has never been popular. What does Mr. Johnson make of the Ayrshire, Iowa, poll which shows a catastrophic drop in his standing in a bellwether county? What does he make of California polls showing Senator Robert Kennedy steadily gaining strength among Democrats, primarily on the basis of a mildly critical stand on the Vietnamese war? And what of primary returns showing votes of 40 to 45 per cent of the total for peace candidates who were never heard of before and lacked a political machine of any sort? Or the persistence of "independent" candidates, such as David Frost for the U.S. Senate in New Jersey (not to mention the general disaffection of the Democratic Party in that state), the clear disaffection of the party in Wisconsin, and something approaching it in Minnesota? Or Maine, where Thomas L. Maynard, a highly respected educator and investment executive, has decided to run in the First Congressional District as an independent opposing the Administration's policies in Vietnam?

Assuming that Mrs. Gandhi's peace overtures and similar efforts fail and that the United States is still heavily engaged in Southeast Asia as the Congressional elections approach, one can predict Mr. Johnson's forthcoming moves with considerable assurance. In late September or early

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August *The Nation* appears on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated August 8 and August 22.

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October a crisis will develop which, to the extent that the President can control its effects, will put the peace forces on the defensive and keep them there, at any rate until after the elections. "Put in the crudest terms," Marquis Childs writes in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (July 10), "the Johnson Administration will make the Congressional campaign in the fall a choice between patriotism and communism. Are you for our boys fighting in Vietnam or are you helping the Communists who are killing them?" Mr. Childs is putting words in Mr. Johnson's mouth, but the words have a plausible ring. Mr. Johnson has come pretty close to saying as much in the recent past, and if he finds himself with his back against the electoral wall he will say and do whatever he thinks will advance his cause.

Never, in this century at least, has an American President tried to push a foreign policy against such solid opposition from the intelligent and fair-minded section of the community as Mr. Johnson in his enlargement of the Vietnamese war. Nor has an American President faced such nearly unanimous world disapproval. The methods to be pursued by the President and his helpmates will be of commensurate impudence. A harbinger may be seen in the Haiphong-Hanoi bombing justification campaign. After the Administration build-up with all the stops pulled out, Secretary Rusk, a master of quiet effrontery, accused the press of being responsible for exaggeration! If gall has no limits now, what can be expected in the months ahead?

Another ominous sign is Mr. Johnson's speech of July 12, holding out the hand of amity toward "a misguided China." In an editorial, "Synchronized Escalation," in the July 11 *Nation*, we remarked on the coincidence of Mr. Johnson's peace offers and his stepping up of the war. ". . . if we stand firm in Vietnam against military conquest," Mr. Johnson said, "we truly believe that the emerging order of hope and progress in Asia will continue to grow and to grow." This familiar rhetoric should be a warning to the Asians and to Americans who oppose Mr. Johnson's policies in Asia. When Dr. Jekyll speaks of the good time to come, we can be sure that Mr. Hyde is preparing a fresh sequence of barbarities.

The 'Black Power' Rhubarb

The big guns of the editorial pages from coast to coast have been unlimbered on the militants of the civil rights movement and their use of the term "black power." The discussion would be more useful if it centered less on the phrase than on the situation which precipitated it.

Historically, the civil rights movement, if it is not at an end, is nearing the end. It came to its terminal point with the enactment of the Civil Rights Act. The agitation for civil rights legislation was successful, in the sense that the law is now on the books. It is equally obvious that the Administration is not enforcing the act, or, to be more accurate, is giving it only minimal, or token, enforcement. That is why SNCC derided the suggestion that there should be *more* civil rights legislation, when in truth and in fact we were not enforcing the legislation already there.

This phase would have been reached just as surely if the frightening phrase "black power" had not been called into play. It was in fact clearly and comprehensively predicted in "Freedom Now—But What Then?" by Loren Miller in *The Nation*, June 29, 1963. As Miller wrote then, "within the foreseeable future" the civil rights phase of the struggle would be over. At that point, "it would be a mistake to assume that these profound changes will automatically usher in a society that will make full and effective use of these new potentials for social progress. . . . Once before, almost a hundred years ago, a similar promise lighted up the American scene and was snuffed out after a decade of uncertain flickering. . . . We are back where we began. . . . The nation has been given a second chance to solve the problem."

Symbolic of what has happened is the shift of focus from the rural South to Cook County, Ill. Techniques that worked passably well in the Klan-infested countryside cannot work equally well in Chicago, not merely because Mayor Daley is one of the smartest of big-city bosses but because the problem is different. The new situation is fraught with danger for a number of reasons, three of which have been pointed out by Dr. Martin Luther King: the growing restiveness among Negroes caused by "broken promises"; the difficulty, after six months of effort, of winning significant concessions; the desperation and frustration in the Mississippi march, where, in that earlier theatre of war, the "black power" movement had its inception.

Too much trust was placed in the civil rights phase of Negro emancipation, because, difficult as that was, far greater obstacles are now ahead. Here again Loren Miller was prophetic. "Time itself," he wrote, "will drive home the lesson that problems entailed in incorporating Negroes into our tremendously complicated social and economic structure are political in nature and will propel the new militants into political action. There is no other road to reform in a political democracy."

What Dr. King lacks—and it is surely only to a minor degree his fault—is (1) a program; (2) a political strategy; (3) a political vehicle to carry out the program and the strategy. As merely one aspect of the dilemma, Mayor Daley could not, if he would, grant Dr. King's demands and remain political boss of Cook County. If he were to give in, the structure and personnel of his organization would be subverted. So he is digging in. He cannot be ousted by force. He cannot be converted by nonviolence, i.e., demonstrations. The only possibility of constructive change is by organized political power, wherever Negroes and their allies possess or can acquire it.

In the meantime, the danger that Negro frustration will reach the flash point on a regional scale is all too real. As far as the ordinary Negro is concerned (not the Negro at the Los Angeles Statler) little progress of value to him has been made. As Burke Marshall writes in *American Trial Lawyers* (June/July 1966), the civil rights successes have "the deceptive quality of a tranquilizer." Negroes as a group continue to be badly housed, unemployed or meagerly employed, with substandard incomes and inferior status in the things that count for them, as for whites. The "black power" rising is a revolt against these conditions. It is a race between the violence which is brewing and the political means whereby the Negro can achieve economic equality. And it is easy to see which of these forces is growing more rapidly.

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The Alexander Case

The Alexander Defense Committee, an organization which has been providing funds for legal defense and family relief to prosecuted opponents of the South African Government, has recently been ordered by the Department of Justice to register as an "agent of a foreign principal." This order was initiated in supposed accordance with the Foreign Registration Act. The act provides that groups representing the interests of foreign governments must register with the Department of Justice. But the act has never, to our knowledge, been construed to include humanitarian groups such as the Alexander Defense Committee (which exists, ironically, not to represent a foreign government but to aid those *opposed* to one—the South African regime).

The order handed down by the Department of Justice is a divergence from precedent (if not a misconstruction of the act), and we cannot help wondering what this move against the Alexander Defense Committee means. Is it the result of some kind of pressure applied to our government by the South African regime? Is it perhaps the first in a series of attempts by the Department of Justice to harass what might appear as left-of-Center interest groups? Whatever the Department of Justice's motive, the order seems way out of line. We hope it will be quickly rescinded.

Is Peace Naive?

Washington

How can peace be brought to Vietnam?

There is only one road it would seem: by close and fair collaboration between the U.S. and the USSR. Neither may seek to exploit any settlement to promote its selfish nationalist interests. Is this naive? Then peace is naive and war is sophisticated. What, then, are the practical methods by which peace can be achieved in Vietnam?

(*1*) There must be a cease-fire. The thirty-seven-day cease-fire around the turn of the year indicated that another prolonged stoppage of fighting is feasible and could be longer with peace at stake.

(*2*) There shall be a mixed American-Soviet force along the frontier between North and South Vietnam. Its duty shall be to halt any infiltration or other actions likely to prolong the war. A similar mixed American-Soviet force shall stand guard at ports of North and South Vietnam to check military movements there.

(*3*) Suppose there is a dispute between the American and Soviet authorities as to methods being used to restore peace. Can there be an arbiter between those two powers? Yes. The three countries forming the International Control Commission—Canada, Poland and India—can perform the function. This correspondent has been informed, on high U.S. authority, that the United States would not propose a mediatory role for the ICC, but would not oppose it.

(*4*) What if the People's Republic of China tries to torpedo such peace efforts? How can it be restrained without use of force?

Could not mainland China be offered a certain amount of food for a specified number of years as an inducement to contribute to peace in Vietnam? This would give America's Food for Peace program a new, deeper meaning.

Why should not the United States, as tangible proof of its love for peace, contribute among others to such an arrangement, just as the U.S. sent food to the Soviet Union in the early period after the Bolshevik revolution, with Herbert Hoover administering that move and lending it respectability as well as humaneness? Could the Chinese afford to refuse such an offer with the contumely that would evoke in world opinion, to say nothing of the immense saving in scarce foreign currency for China? Last year the wheat China bought in Canada, Australia and elsewhere consumed 40 per cent of China's total foreign currency expenditure.

(*5*) How shall South and North Vietnam be governed pending a lasting settlement?

There cannot be fair elections under the present regimes in both those states. That is, not unless they are supervised by thousands of observers. Which nations could provide the observers? Again, why not mixed groups of the ICC? This has the disadvantage that Canada, Poland and India are all opposed to mainland China. How might that obstacle be overcome? The United Nations is ruled out because neither Communist China nor either of the two Vietnams belong to the UN.

Would it not be possible to add Chinese Communist observers to watch the elections in the South and, say, British observers to fulfill a comparable role in the North?

Would the governments of South Vietnam and North Vietnam concur in such an arrangement? That is where the U.S. and the USSR could exert important pressure. But would such a plan thrust North Vietnam into the embrace of Red China? Not if Communist China has promised to keep its hands off in return for substantial supplies of food for its bulging population.

(*6*) Would the foregoing proposals involve U.S. recognition of the government of the People's Republic of China? Certainly not. We gave food to the Soviet Union many years before we recognized its government.

Furthermore, it took us about sixteen years to discover that we could not abolish the Bolshevik government in the USSR by pretending that it did not exist. Recognition in 1933 certainly did not convey approval.

Critics of these suggestions may demand: "Who is to be the commander in chief of the proposed mixed American-Soviet force at the North-South Vietnamese border?" Why not alternate? Why not an American commander one fortnight and a Soviet the next, and so on?

Is there any incentive that would impel Soviet Premier Kosygin to cooperate with President Johnson to end the Vietnamese war? The risk, small today but susceptible of increase, that the Soviets might be involved in a major war is a menace worth eliminating. In the longer run this factor could be telling among the rulers in Moscow.

The rising generation of leaders in Communist China may be more tempted by the time factor: the time during which, with peace on its boundaries, China could far more rapidly build its economic strength.

This reporter is aware that all these plans may seem chimerical at a time of stiffening and escalation on both sides in Vietnam. But nothing could be more civilized than to put reverse English on the old cliché and in time of war prepare for peace.

FREDERICK KUH

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WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ASPEN?

P. G. ERNST
Mr. Ernst, a well-known sports writer, has visited Aspen every year since World War II.

Aspen

This past spring a group of European hoteliers headquartered in Rome sent an executive to Aspen, Colo., with the idea of acquiring some land and building on it. The chain has large hotel-motel holdings among the palaces of Florence, on the shores of Lago di Garda, and in the lavish ski resort of Courmayeur. The group's establishments in Kitzbuehel, St. Anton and Garmisch serve many American guests. It was logical, therefore, to toy with the idea of moving into America, too. Why not Aspen? Indeed, summer brochures showed the Colorado town from far away in its lush green valley, mountains shooting up on all sides, bright with aspen trees, wild flowers, and over it all, a deep blue sky. Publicists had billed Aspen as "truly cosmopolitan"—"a diet of Haydn and hiking," "the world's most magnificent ski resort." It was also supposed to be a kind of intellectual summer shrine — with music festivals, executive seminars and writers' workshops.

So the Roman came and saw. But Aspen did not conquer him. To be sure, it did not take him long to know that he had been oversold by the Aspen publicity office. True, the surroundings were impressive: in a nearby canyon loomed rock castles and granite fortresses, and Aspen's adjacent valleys were lush, wild, utterly romantic. And true, there was an attraction and glamour about the young girls in their dirndl dresses, the sunny Aspen children in *lederhosen*, the tanned, athletic young men.

But Aspen itself was an ugly town. It had obviously grown without planning. It had the marks of the fast dollar. There were touches of pomp, but also of shabbiness. The visitor knew it the moment he checked into one of the many motels. This one looked like a barracks. A miniature, not quite clean swimming pool was surrounded by a low wall; the owners had been too miserly to put up one high enough to guarantee privacy. Coffee was served alfresco on card tables, and while the traveler did not expect *espresso*, he had hoped for more than gray water after the long journey. The moment of truth came when the Italian began to look over the much touted town on foot. The lack of sidewalks, the unpaved roads, the large potholes were all disturbing.

And Aspen's architecture seemed a frightful hodgepodge. Here were the false front Wild West stores, the log cabins and Victorian homes of the early miners, the shacks of the twenties, deserted now, and left to fall apart. There were crumbling cinder-block houses, plastic buildings shaped like tents and apparently serving as Indian-style motel units; there were ramshackle cracker boxes, fake Swiss villas, curtainless A-frames that offered no privacy. A potato-sack hill was covered with rows of gray apartment houses. At the bottom of the ski runs, beer cans bloomed amid the crocuses. A fancy-looking restaurant served dinner on paper plates.

The man from Rome left the next day.

He is not alone. Last winter, a well-known photographer-lecturer drove in all the way from Trenton, N. J. He had a soapy martini in an Aspen saloon next to a lot full of weeds, steered past the inevitable trailer courts, made a U-turn and settled elsewhere in Colorado. Indeed, thousands have fled Aspen, never to return. Yet the town has become almost sacred. Rave stories have appeared in many national publications. The *Saturday Review*, for instance, has called Aspen (pop. 1,500) a "Salzburg in the Rockies," although there is no ground for such comparison. *The Saturday Evening Post* once devoted a whole article to the "special charm" and "scintillating night life" of Aspen. And writers stand in awe before the financial success of the resort.

Business indeed has been good. So good that hysteria shakes Aspen's town fathers when there is a 1.5 per cent drop of tourist dollars. The average cost per visitor per day is $35, although a good number of guests spend over $50. And the well-heeled Aspen Skiing Association estimates that skiers leave some $20 million a season in town. Last December, almost $1 million flowed through the Bank of Aspen between Christmas and New Year. And Bill Dunaway, publisher of the *Aspen Times* points out that every house on one of the hills is inhabited by a millionaire.

Real estate values have skyrocketed. Even in the magnificent nearby wilderness area, at Snowmass, an acre goes for $9,000 and up (it was worth just $100 seven years ago). In Aspen itself, enough ground for a home costs some $16,000. To this one can often add the cost of tearing down one of the many ghost houses. Self-owned condominium apartments go for $19,000. A woman with a small lot and a flimsy abode that were worth only $900 in 1948 recently refused a $90,000 offer for her property. And when a supermarket group wanted to buy an Aspen block, they were told bluntly that they would have to pay $240,000. Natives and visitors thus continue to queue up for their expensive groceries in a few small markets.

Still, money isn't everything. The Texas-based Humble Oil Company was quite prepared to plunk down a tidy sum. Could their service station be located at the entrance curve of Aspen? The city said no. Zoning regulations. Humble sued and lost. Oddly enough, Phillips 66 used to ply its trade at the very spot years ago. Was there a conspiracy against Humble by the four local stations? Not so, claim Aspen citizens. They were willing to let Humble settle elsewhere in town (at an astronomical price).

The high prices of the oversold resort come up again and again. Last winter, for instance, the Chamber of Commerce and the Skiing Association banded together to sponsor a marketing survey. Just how did visitors feel about the town? One April day marketing analyst Ed Furia furnished the sad answer. Of 35,000 winter visitors, 9,000 went away angry, because they had been exploited. Among the charges: $50 for some rooms, $8 for a meal (worth $1.50 according to an Aspen reporter), $8 for a day's lift ticket, $30 for a private music lesson, and a stiff $900 for two weeks at an Aspen executive seminar. Yet *Better Homes & Gardens*

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recently crowed about "vacation luxury at a modest cost."

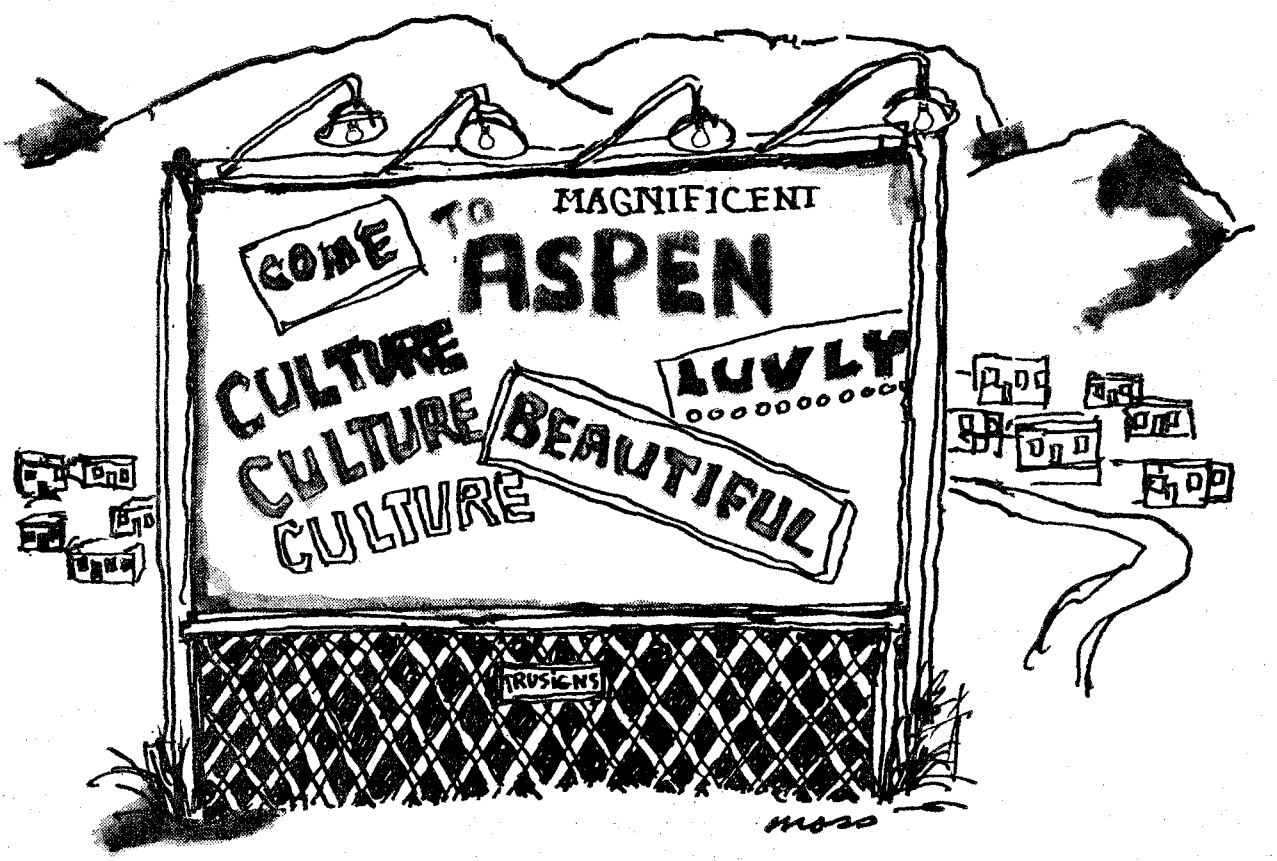
Actually, most of the financial victims are skiers. Every late fall, thousands of young people arrive from Illinois or New York or California to spend a few months in Aspen. It is true that no one has asked them to come. But they do not fare well. One young lady, a Pennsylvanian, did not choose Aspen for its many wild parties. She wanted only to ski on the exceptional mountains — three of them, all honeycombed with lifts. She just longed to be close to nature, to savor the silences of Mount Haydn, Pyramid Peak, Ashcroft. But she came without funds, and needed work. She took several jobs. In the end, she worked morning, afternoon and evening for a pittance. And she rarely got to ski. "Employers certainly pushed me around," she recalls.

Aspen's growing rudeness was also revealed in the Furia marketing survey. During a slack month, when ski instructors had trouble making ends meet, they snapped at and insulted their students. When a busy Denverite wrote to one of the better lodges, reserving a room for four days, he received the curt reply that only six-day reservations are accepted. On his next one-day trip, the Denverite challenged the lodge owner. "You were lucky we answered at all," the visitor was told. "We don't have time to write letters." At a highly recommended restaurant, the same man found a sign explaining that only cash or credit cards were acceptable. The Aspen Bank has a novel "ski-up" window, but a sign tells us: "*No* checks cashed here for non-customers."

There are a few charming shops in Aspen, including two superb *patisseries*, a fashion *boutique*, and at least one excellent restaurant, Guido's Swiss Inn. But in general, stores remind one of commercial resorts anywhere in the world. As you walk down a typical Aspen street you will see the customary German beer mugs (made in Japan), the Bells of Pakistan (made in Hong Kong), or cuckoo clocks manufactured in New Jersey. Meanwhile, there are not enough capable auto mechanics, and even residents have bitter words for men posing as electricians, carpenters or bricklayers. "They're in such a hurry to get rich they don't even clean up their mess," complains Mrs. Ann Ferris, a longtime resident of Aspen.

While underpaid waiters, bus boys, waitresses and room clerks project their discontent on the innocent guests, many "chefs" come to Aspen from the hamburger circuit. Guido Mayer, a former St. Moritz *maître de cuisine*, who still bakes his own bread, and who may spend half a day on the creation of a few *Schwarzwaelder Torten*, is incensed at the state of Aspen's cookery. "They just put on chefs' hats and think they're chefs. No training. No experience. They're not cooks but crooks," Mayer says.

Mayer is equally critical of his colleagues who not only toss empty cans into the alleys, but the fat as well. And as a neat Swiss—along with other Aspenites—Mayer is infuriated by the trash everywhere. Aspen's streets are allegedly cleaned only once a year. Businessmen are not exactly eager to shovel snow in winter. So the sidewalks are always caked with huge mounds of snow and ice, despite a city ordinance which demands shoveling twelve hours after a storm. Businessmen just can't be bothered; they're too busy making money. Come spring, Aspen is transformed into a large mud puddle, which has soiled many a pretty



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lady's stretch pants. And in summer, the empty beer bottles are at last visible in Aspen streets and alleys.

Strangely enough, the people of Aspen are indifferent to the beautification of the city. Not long ago, some Aspen architects decided that the planting of more trees would be a good idea. But when they approached the store and restaurant owners, only a few agreed to spend $12.50 for a tree (the other $12.50 would have come from the city). This seems all the more shocking because retail sales amount to $9 million a year. Despite Aspen's riches and cultural aspirations, the county library has sufficient funds to keep open only a few hours a day. And there are still no funds for a professional librarian. The Aspen police is housed in the huge barn where it has been for seventy years. A smoking city dump still sits right in front of the town's major ski hill, often obscuring the slopes. And even more important, there is still no adequate water-purification plant.

As a consequence, Aspen has a water problem. Last April,

State Health Director Dr. Roy Cleere received nineteen letters from individuals in ten states who had developed a diarrheal illness after a trip to Aspen. According to Dr. Cleere, these people had become infected by the *Giardia lamblia* parasite. Health inspectors immediately descended upon Aspen, where they found cross connections between ancient sewer lines and drinking water. In short, the sewage mingled happily with the water. The Health Department gave orders that all water had to be boiled, and authorities warned of a possible epidemic. No Aspen visitor has died, although the 1966 convention business is pretty sick.

Meanwhile, the building boom also poisoned the fine Aspen rivers. Hasty construction companies shoved sand, leftover cement, boxes, sacks, crates into the Roaring Fork River. And the Maroon Creek bears a melancholy U. S. Forest Service warning: "WATER NOT SAFE FOR DRINKING!" It seems that septic tanks are now leaking into this once pure creek. So far, most Aspenites have been too busy to worry about these—and other—serious problems. "There is really no community spirit here," says Benjamin Bianco, a well-known Aspen designer. Harold Pabst, one-time mayor, adds: "Aspenites wake up only when something concerns their pocketbooks," and Dunaway: "Too many people have taken everything out and put nothing in." Dunaway has been especially critical of the Aspen Ski Corporation. "They're fifty years behind the times," says Dunaway. "They tried to suppress a ski lift worker's union. But then, what do you expect from a lot of Republicans?"

To understand Aspen fully, we must go back to 1879, when silver was discovered here. Hundreds of fortune seekers soon flocked across the gleaming white saddle of Independence Pass into the valley. Every man was for himself; and the lawless crowd literally tore the Aspen mountain to pieces. There was so much ore for some men that it had to be stored in the streets. By 1892, 12,000 silver-hungry people lived in Aspen. Thirteen years later the bottom fell out of the silver market. The miners and their women went elsewhere, looking for gold. Some dismantled their houses for firewood; others let their homes rot.

Aspen lapsed into obscurity until shortly before World War II when American businessmen first became interested in the skiing industry. In 1948, skiing started in earnest. At this point, the late Walter Paepcke, a Chicagoan, sparked Aspen into its best years. Culture-conscious, widely traveled and a man of great taste, Paepcke also started to lay the groundwork for summer programs. He founded the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies (which brought the late Albert Schweitzer to Aspen for a few days in 1949). Paepcke created a health center, the music festival, the executive conferences. And he sought considerable sums to start the network of ski lifts. Tourism became salvation to the dead town, although old-timers were indifferent and often unfriendly. It was Paepcke's plan to restore the old architecture, and he succeeded with his own Victorian homes, and the ancient, still imposing Jerome Hotel. But when he offered paint and a decorator's counsel gratis to the natives, only one family took him up. Before long, internal Aspen politics shattered many of the Chicagoan's dreams, and frustration broke Paepcke's health.

He was still alive when speculators pounced upon the ski town. Arriving from everywhere, they bought up acres of land. Bulldozers once more ripped into the hills. Every summer since 1960, streets became clogged with enormous trucks. The sleepy valley echoed with dynamite blasts, and choked with dust. Unfortunately, design control was voted down, and Aspen grew into a mad architectural hodgepodge. Contractors put up an apartment house on stilts, fakes of fake Swiss chalets, a shop with Roman arches, gingerbread Bavarian villas, conventional lodges, motels resembling factories, homes papered with plastic imitation bricks. Someone built a French tourist castle that looked as unlikely in Aspen as a log cabin in Versailles; another man—no doubt the worst offender—slapped down a series of puny $20-a-night A-frames. The roofs leaked, so they were covered with a thick, silvery plastic goo, which looks like cake icing. Among all the writers who came to view the new Aspen, only one—Wolf von Eckhardt—saw the mess. "Chaotic litter of laissez-faire building . . . visual chaos . . . surrender to greed and vulgarity," Eckhardt observed.

A few architects, such as Aspen's Fred Benedict, also protested. But other colleagues wanted creative freedom. And the city wanted the taxes. This was not tradition-bound Stowe, Vt., where building restraint comes before revenue. "Aspen just grew too fast," says Bianco, the designer. "There were too many influences. And they ruined the town."

Meanwhile, Paepcke's restoration dream was all but forgotten. Scattered between the pompous lodges sat the old miners' weather-beaten shacks. Some of them were no longer inhabited. The windows had been boarded. The walls

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were sagging. Newcomers were not here to maintain the old. Even the nostalgic Wheeler Opera House (built in 1889), although still containing offices, has been left to its decay. Front windows are broken or patched with plywood. The once red stone is sooty. Aspen's many wandering dogs urinate against the threshold. In time, warns Bill Dunaway, Aspen may well become an "urban slum." Harold Pabst, a former mayor, thinks, on the other hand, that Aspen might turn into a "congested tourist trap." Already, some of the delicate aspen trees have given way to houses, and lodges sit so close to the ski lifts that you can look into the rooms from the upward-moving machinery. Aspen's tremendous growth also brought the flotsam of undesirable elements—drug addicts, adventurous young girls, motorcycle gangs. This resulted in a sudden rise of break-ins, hold-ups and rapes. When Pabst declared that he didn't want an additional invasion of a Coney Island "hot dog" set, citizens called him a snob, and didn't re-elect him. And Dunaway, of the Aspen *Times*, stirred up controversy when he demanded better zoning. Right now, Gerald Brown, a San Francisco city planner, is on the carpet for suggesting an Aspen "density control."

Only Paepcke's cultural ideals have survived. The music festival is still vigorous. And the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies still gets important speakers. The institute's purpose—the "relationship of man to others"—has not changed, although Paepcke's well-meant words now sound a little incongruous in this money-mad town. The institute is housed in a modern and rather strange-looking cinder-block building. Perhaps paradoxically, it is the site of a yearly international design conference. In the past years, the institute has started to give an award to an outstanding individual—an award which *Time* (in a weak moment) compared to the Nobel Prize.

The 1966 "Aspen Award in the Humanities" went to Dr. C. A. Doxiadis. He lives in Athens and specializes in the "Science of Human Settlements." Let's hope that the Greek city pioneer takes a close, close look at Aspen, Colo.

BIRCHISM AT THE GRASS ROOTS

ARNOLD FORSTER

Mr. Forster, general counsel to the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, is a nationally known authority on human and constitutional rights. He is the author of A Measure of Freedom *(Doubleday),* Some of My Best Friends *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy),* Danger on the Right *(Random House) and, most recently,* The John Birch Society 1966 *(Random House).*

Dan O'Brien took a deep breath and blew his football coach's whistle directly into the telephone receiver. That would sting—but it would not stop—the man at the other end of the wire, one of many who had been calling late at night to shout "Communist!" at the former Marine officer and popular coach. Nor would it stop the notes marked with hammers and sickles which were left on his desk in the classroom where he taught social studies, or the signs taped to his automobile questioning his loyalty or his wife's character. All of these harassments had quickly followed Dan O'Brien's classroom defense of the United Nations against a local barrage of radical Right propaganda, some of it stuffed into teachers' mailboxes and passed out among students. The teacher's 7-year-old son had been sent a postcard reading: "Your daddy is a Commie"; it was typed, a postal investigation proved, on a typewriter in the teachers' lounge at school. On the same day, O'Brien himself had received a letter containing a live .22-caliber dumdum bullet.

Dan O'Brien stopped blowing the whistle and left town—but not until a year later, not until the school board had refused to grant him a contract which would have protected him against unjustified dismissal. He believed that the board had so acted because he had dared to stand up against the sneaky pressures of local extremists. And when he finally departed for a more secure position elsewhere, there were good-bys from his friends and a few expressions of regret, but nothing more. The "responsible" elements of the community had watched the whole long episode in silence, and even most of O'Brien's friends had refused to commit themselves. Few were willing to become personally involved.

Yet this small Ohio town was indeed very much involved in the expanding efforts of America's radical Right to gain influence or control at the local level and to organize disruptions and discord in so doing. An official of O'Brien's school district admitted that the activities of extremists were making his life miserable. Local ministers confided that they were constantly under similar pressures. One man said that a "pall of fear" had silenced support for the beleaguered football coach.

This is just one community among many. Scores of cities and villages across the country have felt the efforts of the extreme Right to infiltrate, to intimidate, to grab control of (or failing that, to harass) schools and PTAs, libraries, political clubs. The fear and suspicion thus generated can tear a town to pieces. It has happened from Santa Ana, Calif., where extremists infiltrated and could have destroyed the police department, to the New England island of Nantucket, where they captured control of the schools, intimidated teachers, produced an educational system later branded as "unfit" by the state's teachers association, and split the community itself into bitter factions.

It was six years ago that Robert Welch, leader of the John Birch Society, first advised his members to "join your local PTA at the beginning of the school year, get your conservative friends to do likewise, and go to work to take it over." The attempts of the Birchers and their friends to "take over" have been obvious and spectacular. The National Education Association has estimated that one school district in thirty throughout the nation had "experienced some sort of attack, opposition or attempt to infiltrate the schools by extremists and dissident critics."

All too often such local campaigns have taken place in

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the deafening silence that surrounded Dan O'Brien. Apathy or fear take hold. "What can we do against them?" the more concerned people ask, when a vocal and thoroughly organized minority gradually seizes the day.

What, indeed, can be done? The obvious answer is that like Dan O'Brien we must blow the whistle. But how?

First of all, we must face the dilemmas that resistance presents:

(*1*) The extremists cannot be arbitrarily denied their individual and collective rights. Nor can they be ignored, for often, through sensational words and deeds and through the professional use of publicity, they have made it impossible and even dangerous to ignore them. On the other hand, they cannot be gratuitously provided with the spotlight—unless it is a searching and uncomfortable one. But even then, speaking out against their wickedness inevitably provides them with the right to answer—on a platform they might not otherwise have had.

(*2*) Discourse and debate are frequently fruitless. Extremist argument has displayed an immunity to both fact and logic, and always the extremists will turn any attempted meeting of the minds into a recruiting session. Radio and television forums—their allotments of time severely limited—are perforce superficial, often providing more heat than light, and more entertainment than learning. Their educative value is questionable. On the other hand, unconscionable propaganda and tactics must somehow be challenged publicly, lest reason and decency lose by default.

(*3*) Fighting back is not a simple task. One must reject the opponents' weapons—the barrage of baseless propaganda that feeds emotional reaction and ignores truth. And yet this propaganda is the point where the fight begins.

When first faced with this set of dilemmas in the fall of 1964, the citizenry of Attleboro, Mass., improvised what may be a model solution. It began with the concern of two young obstetricians at the local hospital, who were aroused when staff doctors began receiving unsolicited mailings of right-wing propaganda from a secret but neighborhood source. It took organized form when others—professional men, clergymen, housewives—became equally disturbed and realized the need "to let the public know what's going on."

One of the young doctors, Joseph F. Kerrins, a Roman Catholic, had become further troubled at a meeting of his church's Christian Family Movement group, an organization dedicated to improving the quality of family life. Here, a physician new to the city had delivered a long address on former Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker, John Birch Society stalwart and hero to the most radical of America's rightists. Dr. Kerrins, puzzled by the irrelevance of the topic to the church group's purpose, began to understand something of the mechanics of fanaticism.

With a colleague, Dr. L. Lynton Goulder, Kerrins invited Gordon Hall, a lecturer and writer on extremism whom Dr. Goulder had known in Boston, to address a special meeting at the high school in Attleboro. Almost immediately the "treatment," so often experienced elsewhere, began. The young doctors received hate literature aimed at discrediting their speaker—mailed locally and anonymously. On the day of Hall's appearance, they were told that the police had received a mysterious call from New Jersey warning that there would be a riot at the school if and when the speaker appeared.

The meeting was held and no riot occurred. But extremist partisans showed up in strength and heckled loudly. Hall, in

Factual data is urgently important if the impact of the divisive, disturbing far Right propaganda is to be neutralized. Primitive exhortation is useless. Americans simply will not refrain from joining a movement because someone says it's bad. But reasonable people can be persuaded with accurate facts if the trouble is taken to dig them out and present them intelligently. And, in an earnest effort to awaken interest, it is not unfair to publicize some of the more irresponsible radical Right distortions: "John F. Kennedy was assassinated by the Communists when they learned he planned to turn American." "Lyndon Johnson has betrayed his oath of office and is guilty of treason." "Where there is no poverty, there can be no freedom." "Defense Secretary Robert McNamara ordered the United States Army to rehearse President Kennedy's funeral one week before he was assassinated." The citing of such obviously ludicrous statements can sometimes lead to more careful scrutiny of what else the radical Right is saying and doing.

It is the rare individual who can sufficiently arm himself from his general reading to battle the ardent radical rightists who spend their every available moment obsessively absorbing extremist propaganda. Organized education is thus essential. For the part-time opponent of the radical Right a basic pamphlet is "How to Listen to a John Birch Society Speaker," written by the Anti-Defamation League's Harvey Schechter. It was prepared to help community leaders deal with the most common gambits and half truths employed by John Birch Society spokesmen.

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his talk, revealed that the doctor who had extolled General Walker was an active Birch Society member. In the weeks that followed, the physician acknowledged his Birch ties and founded the Forum of the Attleboros, a typical Birch front-group operation, as a vehicle for bringing right-wing speakers before local audiences. With the announcement of the first of these speakers, an "anti-Communist" Baptist minister, Drs. Kerrins and Goulder took on an immediate educational job.

They knew that until very recently the minister had held a key position in the national headquarters of the Birch Society, a fact ignored in the advance publicity circulated by his local sponsors. Dr. Kerrins and his friends in the Christian Family Movement made certain that interested townsfolk received a more accurate "biography" of the speaker, and it was distributed on the evening of his appearance. An Attleboro Baptist minister also became concerned when the visiting preacher labeled some of America's Baptist clergy as "pro-Communist oriented." The local minister fought back from the pulpit and in letters to the newspapers. He also conferred with Dr. Goulder.

As a result, in January, 1965, Drs. Kerrins and Goulder called together a few professional men, clergymen and other interested persons to organize a forum from which they could retaliate collectively. It was to be an informal group, meeting periodically to keep abreast of the latest expert information on extremist activities, to sponsor informative talks when necessary and—most important—to rally the available human resources of the town into a united effort against those who would profit from the typically disorganized nature of the moderate majority.

The group has become known as the Birch Watchers. It has developed an active core of more than two dozen persons and has secured the enthusiastic cooperation of the Social Action Committee of the Attleboro Area Council of Churches, the Attleboro B'nai B'rith and members of the Christian Family Movement. Further, the Birch Watchers maintain direct contact with the Boston office of the Anti-Defamation League as a source of factual data on the extremists and their plans.

For its part, the right wingers' forum has continued to bring a parade of speakers to Attleboro, most if not all of them supplied by the Birch Society's speakers' bureau, and including Scott Stanley, Jr., managing editor of Robert Welch's magazine *American Opinion*. The Birch Watchers, however, have their own programs and speakers, such as Harry and Bonaro Overstreet, to help illuminate the issues in the struggle for a community. And Dr. Kerrins has recently traveled as far away as Chappaqua, N.Y., to tell others of Attleboro's experience and of its proposed solutions. At least a dozen communities in Massachusetts have now initiated "Birch Watching" programs, and the idea has spread recently to towns in several other states.

An editorial in the Providence *Journal* commented that the original Birch Watchers movement had "made of Attleboro an experimental laboratory in democracy where it is being demonstrated that a well-informed, intelligent citizenry can effectively combat Birchers who diminish faith in our government, clergy, educational system, military and fellow townspeople. . . ."

The necessity for such "counteraction" is growing. The organizations of the extreme Right, and the pressures they mount, have grown steadily in the past two years. Their efforts have grown more political, their assaults more brazen.

Last November, in Saratoga, Calif., highly organized Birchers elected their members or sympathizers to all eighteen positions on the advisory board of directors for an area center of the poverty program—a program they oppose. In Mount Prospect, Ill., a community effort to improve race relations was made a shambles by Birch infiltration and tactics. On orders from a local chapter leader of the society, members showed up in force at the organizational meeting for a human relations council, succeeded in getting their own people elected to office and appointed to draft the by-laws. The Birchers made it clear that they would propose a strong stand against racial "mongrelization" and that they favored watching out for "Communists," and perhaps even dissolving the organization itself.

And while the infiltration efforts and the activities of local "front groups" have been stepped up, harassment tactics by anonymous supporters of the far Right have not ceased. In North Attleboro, Mass., a part of the original

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Birch Watching locale, a Catholic priest who advised his parishioners to stay away from a lecture by Father Francis Fenton, a member of the Birch Society's National Council, became the target of abusive telephone calls and underhanded pressures.

The "watchers" of extremism realize, of course, that such outbursts cannot be stopped. What can be stopped is the general apathy that makes intimidation possible, and infiltration by fanatical minorities profitable. The radical fringe is by temperament active, and readily marshaled for an organized propaganda drive or local take-over. More moderate citizens tend to be less firmly dedicated to specific points of view, less demonstrative, less easily drawn to organizations. That is to the good in good times, but we cannot afford the luxury of apathy when those of opposite inclinations tax it so heavily. The Birch Watchers have shown at least the beginnings of a community program to awaken people to some ugly facts of many a town's life.

What remains is to refine or extend the program. National organizations stand ready to help; some can provide literature and films dealing with the problem. But "counteraction" succeeds or fails in the willingness of the citizen to defend the integrity of his community—with at least half the determination shown by the local Bircher in his attempts to control or disrupt. Teachers, churchmen, civil organization members, union officers, businessmen—all divided by unconcern and more personal interests—can offer a great deal when awakened to the fact that the extremist is everyone's problem. And from a common meeting they can carry back to their groups, particularly those slated for infiltration or other "treatment," the appropriate facts and warnings.

The radical-Right thrust has largely failed on the national level. Now the extremist hopes to reverse the direction of American life and government at the grass roots. There, where a more concentrated political pressure can be organized, and where infiltration and propaganda drives are more easily effected, the small, monolithic coterie gains strength from apathy and ignorance.

The members of the Birch Society are now aiming, under openly published orders, "to control the political action" at the precinct level across the country. In the grab for PTA power, they are, according to the PTA's national president, "attempting to gain control of it to get at their real objective—the educational system." Samuel Blumenfeld, one of Robert Welch's editors, shares with the Birch leader a hatred of democracy, and promises that it will be replaced "when and if the John Birch Society becomes a dominant political force in America."

The challenge could not be expressed more plainly. Responsible people must act in their own defense, wisely and soon.

PORTENT FOR THE FUTURE

Welfare Imperialism in Vietnam

JOHN McDERMOTT

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Imperialism used to be thought the last stage of a decaying capitalism. Nowadays it appears to be the last epithet of a decaying political rhetoric. Both judgments are inadequate. Contemporary imperialism is neither decaying nor capitalist nor rhetorical. We are misled into thinking so only because we are still looking for a Cecil Rhodes through the eyes of Lenin.

America's Welfare Empire

All great powers, by definition, try to exercise a guiding influence over the diplomacy of other states. Some, however, go a step further. For them an influence over external policies is not enough; they find themselves constrained to exert a guiding influence over the internal policies of other countries as well. Those which succeed I call empires, and in this nonpolemical sense of the word America is truly an empire, the largest and most powerful in the present world.

United States imperialism is of a new kind. It is primarily political and ideological, finding its expression less in our overseas investments than in the system of alliances our government has created since 1945, and in the foreign aid programs which parallel those alliances and give them life. Equally novel, our empire is ostensibly committed to the value of national independence for others, as well as humane and orderly economic development and social reconstruction. The commitment to these values is not a negligible factor in the everyday business of empire but, as I shall try to show, these commendable objectives are profoundly contradictory.

The peculiar nature of the new American imperialism rests in the fact that Americans have overlearned the lesson of the welfare state. For three decades now Americans have used their federal bureaucracy as the primary tool for bringing about social progress, economic development and a host of other desirable changes. The philosophy of the welfare state has served them well because of two basic and competing factors. On the one side, the huge financial resources and impressive technical skill of the federal bureaucracy have been sufficient to master almost any problem to which it turned its hand. On the other side, counterpoised to this huge agglomerate of power, there has been the democratic electorate. Sometimes useful in its political interventions, sometimes not, it has in the long run served to keep in equilibrium the power of the federal bureaucracy, with the result that the system has by and large served the purposes of the electorate (i.e., the purposes it was intended to serve).

This has not at all been the case overseas. There too,

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through alliances and aid programs, we have tried to use our governmental bureaucracy as an instrument of social progress, trying to establish a welfare empire there as we have established a welfare state here. But the weakness of popular political institutions in the underdeveloped world is legendary; thus there has been little to counterpoise the massive American military and economic aid bureaucracy. The results of the imbalance are predictable. In the countries where we have succeeded in building our empire we can observe a loss of national independence, erratic and imbalanced economic development and growing social chaos. This process may be observed in many countries of the underdeveloped world, but nowhere is it as useful to observe as in South Vietnam.

The choice of South Vietnam as a prime example of the failure of American empire is natural. Both for Americans and for Vietnamese, the tragedy of that country's recent history owes more in the way of fruitful and preventive lessons than it has yet yielded. Vietnamese history also provides, and uniquely so, instructive comparisons between the older empire of the French and the newer American variety. These, however, are secondary reasons for our choice. Much more important is the fact that in South Vietnam we find the future blueprint for American policies in the underdeveloped areas. For there, more than in any other place, naval, commercial and diplomatic ties to the past—so strong elsewhere—were missing. The United States began afresh in South Vietnam in 1954. It began without any significant residue of an earlier Vietnamese policy and its personnel; until the 1960s no such ties developed. Contrary to some popular myths our policy in South Vietnam was not guided, for the most part, by men committed to the protection of this or that tradition-bound institutional interest. Instead, our policy there was directed by men of liberal outlook who were committed to Vietnamese independence, and who attempted to bring about the development of Vietnamese society guided by the same concepts of economic and social development which more and more guide our policies elsewhere. Thus, it is no exaggeration to say that an examination of the history of our Vietnamese policy will reveal far less a remnant of the past than a portent for the future.

French Pattern in Vietnam

One of the most striking things about the French presence in Vietnam was that it came about as the result of the efforts of a small segment of the French polity and continued in this narrow character, never gaining the full support of either the French people or their government. From early modern times the Church was concerned to protect the large Catholic minority from the continuing persecutions of the Vietnamese emperors. In the 1840s the navy, joining with the Church, began to seek Far Eastern coaling stations and naval bases. In the 1870s, following their terrible defeat at Bismarck's hands, French generals grew interested in Vietnam in the hope that native levies would strengthen the French army against its more numerous German foe. There were some investors, though not very many, since the Bank of Indo-China retained a near monopoly on investments in the area. Finally, there grew up a tiny class of *colons* who resided in Vietnam, serving in the civil apparatus, at the numerous military posts, or as supervisory personnel on the few plantations.

It was the sum of the special interests of these groups and theirs alone which constituted French policy throughout the Indo-China states, and when military defeat threatened their control, as finally it did in 1954, the government and people of France, with profound disinterest, washed their hands of the whole affair. This small group of interests had controlled Vietnam through the Colonial Office in Paris. Though differing in legal status, the colony of Cochin-China (southern Vietnam), the protectorates of Annam (central Vietnam) and Tonkin (northern Vietnam) were ruled in much the same manner. When the French "occupation" began in the middle '80s it disturbed the formal Vietnamese governmental apparatus very little. It simply paralleled it, reducing its role to empty ceremony: the Emperor and his Mandarin civil service continued, the province councils met, but decisions were made and executed by the French. Ultimately, French authority rested on the police which was French staffed, and on the Foreign Legion and army posts scattered along the main roads and in the larger towns.

Unlike North Africa, there were very few Frenchmen in Indo-China before World War II—only about 18,000 in 1939. Again unlike North Africa, few Frenchmen took up homesteads: what French agriculture there was was of the plantation type worked by native labor.

Consequently, after one has considered Franco-Vietnamese trade, investments and some aspects of military and naval policy, the position of the Catholic villages and the juridical status of temporary European residents, one has about exhausted the relevant information about France in Vietnam and, more important, the totality of its policy interests.

This is not to say that the French did not set in motion profound changes in Vietnamese society. The decline in the status of the Emperor, the withering away of the Mandarinate's vitality, the growth of Western ideas, and the creation of a small French-speaking urban class were to have great effect on Vietnam's future. Similarly, the decline in the real standard of living in the countryside, and the growing separation between developing cities and a stagnating countryside were to have enormous impact.

But these changes were related to French policy only inadvertently and were by no means the intended and foreseen result of that policy. French interests, because they were so limited and specialized, did not care about changes (or the lack of them) in village life. France hardly touched the dispersed rural settlement pattern. Peasant agricultural technology was left alone; village social and political institutions were, for the most part, ignored. Though the Europeans did disrupt an already existing Vietnamese school system, they did not try fully to replace it with a French system and, consequently, the literary continuity of the native culture was never seriously threatened, though the literacy rate fell sharply. The French accepted popular hostility; the rebellions which kept cropping up—no decade of the French occupation was free of them—were dealt with in the most savage manner and with no quarter given. For the colonialists did not care what the Vietnamese thought of them or how the Vietnamese lived. If a Vietnamese stayed out of

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politics, avoided the Communists and other nationalist agitators, performed his labor service, paid his taxes, and went off once per generation for service against the Germans in Europe, colonial policy was finished with him and didn't care who he was, what he did or what he was to become.

'Progressive' and 'Colonialist' France

Much is now made of the civilizing mission of France in that part of the world but the dissemination of French culture was not originally a part of colonial policy, and very little civilizing was done in Vietnam where Church, army, navy, *colon* and the Bank of Indo-China held sway. Each of these groups—together the core of the French Right—acted resolutely within the colony to prevent the "natives" from becoming "civilized," for that meant acquiring the ideals of 1789. It was only when a Vietnamese left his own land and went to Europe, as many did, that the other France —Republican France, Socialist France, literary France—became a reality for him. (Even today most Vietnamese Communists still draw a systematic distinction between "progressive" France and "colonialist" France.) When in the aftermath of World War I some effort was made by enlightened Frenchmen to better the lot of the subject people and to provide more schools, particularly in higher education, it was from the standpoint of colonial policy only an afterthought and one which received, relatively speaking, very little attention.

It is a tribute to French culture that so many Vietnamese now consider themselves part of French civilization. However, the culture they share with their European brethren is understood to be a French culture, part of the unique historical experience of a specific historical people. What is shared is a heritage of the past, not a blueprint for the future. The ideals and achievements of French culture are understood as belonging to the past; for the present and for the future they provide only the basis of a limited community and withal, for the Vietnamese at least, a community only of feeling and regard, certainly not one that implies any concrete future political or economic relationship between France and Vietnam. Most important, even those Vietnamese who consider themselves part of a French civilization remain nonetheless Vietnamese. This was and is recognized on both sides and is perhaps best expressed in a remark quoted by Bernard Fall in *The Two Viet-Nams.* Replying to a proposal that native Vietnamese be permitted to become officers in the French Army, a *colon* is reported to have declared:

Either they will be worthy of becoming French officers,

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in which case their highest ideal will be to liberate the soil of their fatherland and their most noble endeavor should be to throw us into the sea. Or those people will content themselves with getting their pay and wearing a beautiful uniform while preserving a servant's soul—and in that case, I don't want them as officers in the French Army.

The frank recognition of an ineradicable Vietnamese cultural identity is utterly alien to the American-Vietnamese relationship which was to develop after 1954.

Arrival of the Americans

In the late summer of 1954 a major American effort began in Vietnam, one calculated, it was hoped, to save the country from the until then victorious Communists of Ho Chi Minh. France appeared ready to abandon all political claims in the area and to U.S. policy makers this was perhaps the most hopeful sign of all, for the continued presence of the French had been undermining the efforts of anti-Communist Vietnamese nationalists to build a counterforce to the Communist-led Vietminh. The Vietnamese chief of state, former Emperor Bao Dai, was widely acknowledged to be a French puppet. He "ruled" through the French administration, and the French army protected him from the legions of Ho Chi Minh. Similarly, the Cao Dai and Hao Hoa religious sects and the squabbling politicians of Hanoi, Hué and Saigon were, according to the Americans, creatures of the French and tainted by collaboration with them: on the latter's departure they too would disappear from the scene and open the way for a genuine anti-colonialist and anti-Communist nationalism to assert itself.

Heretofore, the Americans believed, the Communists had been ceded the nationalist issue. Through the dreadful depression years of the thirties, marked by stark poverty, fitful insurrections and the ruthless hounding down of independent elements by the French police, the Communists had almost alone maintained an effective opposition to the occupation. When Japan took control of Vietnam during the Second World War, the Communists had formed a league of nationalist elements—the Vietminh—which then conducted a difficult and successful guerrilla resistance against the new invader. They had declared Vietnam's independence in 1945 and had successfully defended that independence in the eight-year war against the French which followed. The Americans recognized that to this general regard and esteem the Vietminh had added the loyalties of a considerable part of the peasant population. The Vietminh, openly dominated by the Communists, had re-established the autonomy of the village councils and had carried out a widespread and popular land reform; it had brought schools and medical services to the villages; it seemed to promise a prosperous and modernized rural economy for the future. Equally important, it alone among all of the Vietnamese political groups had long worked with the peasantry, recruited them into its cadres and shown them the way to independence. Like the Trung sisters and other national heroes out of the dim past who are so celebrated in the folk literature of rural Vietnam, the Vietminh had trained and led peasant troops against powerful foreign adversaries and had won epic victories over them. Columnist Joseph Alsop, who traveled through many of the former Vietminh districts in late 1954, confirmed the existence and importance of this bond between the peasant population and the Communist party. As he wrote:

> In the area I visited the Communists have scored a whole series of political, organizational, military, and one has to say it—moral triumphs. . . .
>
> The thing that impressed me most, in fact, was not the Communists' extraordinary feat of organizing, maintaining and expanding an independent state in southern Indochina without exterior support, and in the teeth of French power. What impressed me, alas, was the moral fervor they had inspired among the non-Communist Vietminh cadres and the stout support they had obtained from the peasantry.

Americans believed that with a peasantry so infected by Communists and communism, other Vietnamese nationalists seemed to have little chance of winning popular support, but that perhaps the massive power and appeal of the United States could tip the balance. The United States was new to the area; it had its own anti-colonialist traditions; it had shown its good faith by setting the Philippines free; it had unlimited resources, and it was desperate to stop what it believed was the southward march of China's conquest.

A Strong U. S. Commitment

By the terms of the Geneva Agreements the Vietminh had withdrawn its main forces and cadres north of the 17th Parallel in late 1954, and it was into the chaos south of that demarcation line that the new U.S. presence and the new U.S. policy had already begun to take effect. Two leading ideas characterized this policy. First, in place of France's discredited colonial solution to Vietnam's problems the United States would try a nationalist solution. Allying itself with the forces of anti-Communist nationalism, the U.S. would work to preserve the southern zone from the Vietminh. Second, since it was the poverty, misery and gullibility of the peasantry which seem to have enabled it to be duped by the utopian and millennial appeals of the Communists, it was decided that a strong American commitment to economic development would help lead the country to prosperity, that the peasantry could thereby be won away from the Vietminh. Accordingly, even before the fall of Dienbienphu in May, the United States had thrown its support to one of the numerous anti-French Vietnamese nationalists, Ngo Dinh Diem. Under American pressure, Diem was finally appointed Prime Minister in late June and, together with him, U.S. officials worked to remove the French from the scene. This was substantially achieved by early 1955. The first step in the American solution was complete; France was gone, South Vietnam was independent. There now remained the much more difficult task of counseling the new regime in the ways of building a firm political base and in bringing about the necessary economic development which promised the best long-run solution to South Vietnam's ills—internal and external. To this task fell not a narrow and limited segment of the American polity but the full force of the United States Government.

The French ruled Vietnam as a colony. Committed as it was to a nationalist solution and facing, moreover, an independent Vietnam jealous of its newly won prerogatives,

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the United States had a far more difficult task in bringing its influence to bear. Officials representing the interests of the U.S. Government had to compete with other interests, Vietnamese interests, to gain from the decision-making processes of the sovereign Vietnamese government policies Americans favored, laws they desired, administrative edicts they thought necessary. An analysis of this lobbying process reveals that the resources brought to bear by the American interest far outweighed those of any combination of its competitors, so much so that South Vietnam's political independence became in certain respects meaningless. More important, the aspect of Vietnamese life in which the government's political independence meant least was precisely that aspect which determined Vietnam's future: its internal economic development. This is just the reverse of the colonial experience where the modern power dictated day-to-day decisions but left future internal developments in the colony to work themselves out by chance, inadvertence and the incoherent impulses of the colony's domestic forces.

Influencing an Independent Nation

The task of gaining decisions for the American interest was made easier than might otherwise have been the case by the over-centralization and authoritarianism which were characteristic of the Saigon government (and of the governments of underdeveloped nations generally). That so many national activities rested in Saigon's hands meant that most frequently the competitors to the U.S. interest were one or more sections of the Vietnamese bureaucracy. Aside from other considerations this facilitated the mechanical task of locating where and how important decisions were to be made. In addition, because the regime was authoritarian, the power which various native social and economic interests could bring to bear on decisions and policies in their favor was very limited. The Chinese minority which dominated internal trade, the Buddhists, the landlords, the traditionalists who surrounded Bao Dai at Hué and Dalat had few means to pressure the Diem government. Although each of them did in fact pressure Saigon at one time or another in the period from 1954 to 1961 and, with the exception of the former Emperor's retainers, each had some success, the nature of their demands and the extent to which they could press them were limited by the fact that Diem could, if necessary, resort to his police to gain his will; they had no counter to arbitrary police power. Finally, Diem was an outsider. American officials liked him because "no taint" of Saigon's politics or French collaboration had touched him. Though this was an exaggeration, it was to a large extent true. It also meant that he was not the representative or prisoner of one or more domestic interests, that he ruled, in a sense, freely. His interest was the state apparatus and he controlled it absolutely for nine years.

Against this truncated social system American officials brought the immense prestige of the United States which no Chinese merchants' association and no landlords' cabal could rival. The magnitude of U.S. influence is suggested by the fact that in the "normal" period, 1954-61, direct U.S. aid accounted for about one-third of Saigon's budget and still another third came from taxes on American subsidized imports. In addition, in this period the U.S. Government, exclusive of the military, retained a skilled staff of almost 200 full-time lobbyists for its interests, the AID Mission.

U.S. influence was exerted at a remarkable diversity of points; no domestic competitor could match it. The Americans had influenced the choice of Diem in the first place. They gave technical and dollar support to a revamping of the entire Vietnamese educational system from elementary schools through the university and technical institute level. This included both teacher training and the rewriting of textbooks. They gave technical assistance in revising the banking and currency system and in framing general economic and monetary policy. The United States Operations Mission (USOM—the AID Mission) undertook planning and dollar support for the reconstruction and development of the entire Vietnamese transportation and communications network—railroads, canals, highways, civil aviation, coastal transport, radio and television, and the telephone system. They assisted in planning and executing the various agricultural programs, including crop diversification, land reclamation, land reform, agricultural extension and mass peasant regroupment (the Refugee Resettlement, Land Development, Agroville and later Strategic Hamlet Programs). Finally, they exerted extremely strong influence over the nation's two largest economic activities (exclusive of farming)—military operations and the import business.

Military Aid Threatens Inflation

The U.S. Government directly subsidized the swollen South Vietnamese army.

Because these large military expenditures in Vietnam threatened a dangerous inflation, the U.S. also subsidized a special import program designed to soak up excessive buying power from the Vietnamese public. Such an import program, which is the standard American complement to military aid programs, encourages imports by pricing them at artificially low levels. Vietnamese citizens who wished to import goods paid over the (low) cost of the goods directly to the Saigon government, which used the money for its own budget. The Americans then paid directly for the goods at regular prices. In this manner the problem of too much money chasing too few goods was solved. U.S. officials have since admitted in Congressional testimony that the program had other than anti-inflationary purposes. For the most part only urban civil servants and the officer corps were able to afford imported goods, even at the artificially low prices we maintained. By subsidizing the importation of large quantities of consumer articles USOM officials believed, accurately enough, that the U.S. was thereby creating a prosperous middle class which was dependent on the Diem regime, i.e., a domestic base of support for the Vietnamese government.

As always in lobbying, the locus of one's influence is important. In Vietnam, U.S. influence was invariably at the key planning level. There, where decisions on what was to be done were made, and with what priority, where a choice existed between competing values, the U.S. had exceptionally strong authority. In addition it had a special relationship to the three decisive Vietnamese bureaucracies:

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the civil service, the military and the police, including the secret police. Within each of these bureaucracies U.S. officials shared explicit responsibilities for personnel selection, training, indoctrination and equipment. The Michigan State University Advisory Group (MSUG)—American professors under contract to the Vietnamese government—ran the National Institute of Administration (civil service academy) and the National Police Academy, and provided technical assistance at the operating level to both the civil police and the security police. The Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) duplicated these services for the Vietnamese military. In addition, Americans had unique access to the leader of the totalitarian state. Aside from U.S. ambassadors and traveling VIPs, Edward Lansdale of the CIA was an intimate adviser to Diem and Nhu. Wesley Fishel, head of MSUG, followed Lansdale as intimate adviser to the dictator, breakfasting with Diem thrice weekly.

Coordination of Power and Skill

There were no American companies to speak of in Vietnam, no clamoring that their divergent interests be served. Instead, the full power and skill of the U.S. Government was coordinated to bring about changes in Vietnamese life. True, the State Department and CIA, Pentagon generals and USOM economists often competed and often were played against one another by the wily family that ran the country. But on the overall objectives of U.S. policy—on bringing about the modernization of Vietnamese society, on building the nation's internal political structure, on supporting the incumbent government, on taking those steps necessary to keep the Communists out of power—there was a single policy, and it was carried out with few lapses. Against this coordinated effort there was posed chiefly a Vietnamese bureaucracy notorious for its clumsiness, dishonesty and inefficiency. And each of these three weaknesses of Diem's bureaucracy offered systematic opportunities for American officials to win their way.

U.S. intelligence services gave Americans information of a quantity and quality not likely to be rivaled except by the secret police of the regime—to which we had a special relation. Much more important, the U.S. had a near monopoly in the decisive area of technical information: military and agricultural technology, economic and industrial techniques, statistics, accounting, management and record keeping; it is the lack of these skills which defines what we mean by an "underdeveloped" society.

Last, the ability of the U.S. to reward its friends and punish its enemies was greater by far than any of its potential rivals. The U.S. could use bribes (as it did on some of the sect generals in 1955); it could hold back dollar support for programs it thought inadequate. (It is widely acknowledged that the paratroop coup of November, 1960, failed for lack of U.S. support. As David Halberstam has shown in *The Making of a Quagmire*, the successful coup of 1963 awaited indications that the U.S. would not oppose its result.) And for a Vietnamese to have friendly relations with the Americans might mean travel to the U.S., selection for a special training program, a good performance report, occasionally a word to the President. Later, even when Vietnam's internal crisis quickened and Diem tried to appear more anti-American than the Vietcong (in order to deny the Vietcong their highly successful propaganda theme that the dictator was our puppet), many Vietnamese believed that having an American friend was as good a way as any to avoid disappearing into one of the regime's prisons.

The American lobby was overwhelming. Possessing great prestige, spread throughout the Vietnamese government but

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clustered at the strategic points, well coordinated, with a near monopoly of technical information and armed with a significant stock of favors for its friends and threats for its foes, the U.S. interest in Vietnam was in a position to achieve almost any policy it desired. Provided it was determined enough, not even the dictator himself could withstand the U.S. choice.

Thus, it is understandable why and in what way the U.S. interest was more important for Vietnamese life than the French interest in the earlier period. The French controlled everyday affairs but directed that control to a relatively narrow range of Vietnamese events. Outside that range French influence was inadvertent and, therefore, blind. However disruptive their influence was on Vietnam's future the colonial French hardly controlled that future. The U.S. presence was far more important. The U.S. didn't care about everyday affairs. The U.S. was concerned about economic development, i.e., about the future of what are among the most decisive aspects of a culture: how a people work, what they work at, what they produce, the institutions which govern the distribution of that product, the principles which those institutions embody. In these areas the U.S. influence was focused and, I think it may fairly be said, the government of South Vietnam could not act independently. The policies it followed tended to be, in the final analysis, the policies of the U.S. government.

The Peasant Problem

From the beginning American officials foresaw conflict between U.S. policy and the likely direction in which the peasantry—constituting the major part of the population—would assert its interests. The peasantry was understood to be politically unsophisticated and, as a result, infected by Communist sympathies. Superstitious and credulous, rural Vietnam seemed an easy mark for the semi-religious appeals of the Communists who seemed to promise a paradise in a future period called roughly "after the national revolution." The Americans saw the Communists not as the champion of the peasantry, but rather as infiltrators into its ranks—manipulators of its discontent, ruthless exploiters of its misery and ignorance. There were Communists and there were peasants: there could be no Communist peasants. Nevertheless, implicit in the situation was peasant opposition to U.S. policies. The likelihood of this opposition was reinforced in American eyes by the belief that the peasantry, beneath its Communist appearance, was fundamentally traditionalist and thus opposed to change even if that change meant emancipation from the miseries of its great poverty.

Viewing the matter in this way it was natural that the Americans should assign to the interests of the peasantry a low priority in the economic development process they were committed to bring about. They were committed to modernization and this implied that urban interests had to take precedence. Briefly, the degree of the commitment to urban over rural development is indicated by the U.S. aid that was directed to the two sectors of Vietnamese life. Of the $1,544 million of economic assistance given Vietnam between 1954 and 1961, only $42 million (less than 3 per cent) was directed to programs involving the peasantry; and this is somewhat exaggerated because it represents the total of American project assistance to education, health and agriculture. Yet in education and in health the needs of the rural areas took second place to those of the cities; urban technicians and urban civil service were understood to have a positive and creative role in economic development, and the peasants did not. In addition, the Import Program served to provide a means of gaining the voluntary cooperation of urban Vietnamese, and no analogous device seemed available (or was deemed either necessary or desirable) for the countryside.

A ramification of this view was that the U.S. had to commit itself to a policy which would neutralize the political role of the peasantry. So long as we were committed to anti-communism and the development of a high-consumption urban economy, the peasantry could not play an important role. The best that could be done was to check their influence on events until such time as the benefits of economic development reached them and brought about the political sophistication which comes from being immersed in modern technology. Operating on this premise the Vietnamese government pursued a three-pronged attempt to neutralize the peasantry, and in each of these prongs it had important support from the American officials who gave planning advice, dollar aid and technical assistance.

The first part of the effort at peasant neutralization consisted in the development of a totalitarian control apparatus —copied from Communist models and not differing from them in any significant way. From the 15th century on, Vietnamese villages were governed by councils elected by all of the adult male villagers. But in October, 1956, the Saigon government abrogated this traditional autonomy and undertook to appoint village chiefs and council members. Hamlet chiefs were also appointed from Saigon and, in addition, the population was organized into five-family cells called *lien-gia*, each with an appointed chief. As in totalitarian countries everywhere, mutual spying was systematically encouraged; passes were needed for movement in and out of the village; the population was fingerprinted, and identification cards were issued. There were the usual rallies in support of the national leaders and something new—rallies to denounce communism (modeled on the Chinese rallies against class enemies and imperialists). Arrest and detention were made an administrative matter rather than a legal one, and those unfortunate enough to be arrested were sent to re-education camps (also copied from Communist models).

The Pacification Campaign

As this apparatus was introduced gradually into the countryside in early 1957, many villages resisted. Against this resistance a second prong, the pacification campaign, was directed. Full-scale military operations with infantry, armor, artillery and air power were used to subdue the rebels. After government control was introduced it was maintained somewhat in the manner of the French system. Garrisons of troops, usually the Civil Guard, were planted in forts along the main roads and in the larger towns, and periodically sent out on forays against the recurrent unrest in the villages. It should be mentioned, however, that U.S.

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officials opposed this latter strategy, feeling that once a village was initially "pacified" authority there should be maintained by police techniques and not military measures. They correctly pointed out that the French had tried and failed with such pacification campaigns and that there was every likelihood that Diem would also. But by 1959 the security situation in the countryside had so deteriorated that it was not safe for police units to operate there. The Americans relented and dollar support for the Civil Guard, which had been held to a minimum, was increased to what Saigon thought was an adequate level.

The final prong in the campaign to neutralize Vietnam's peasantry involved mass population regroupment. In 1955-57, northern Catholic refugee villages were resettled in the countryside in such a way as to contribute to the control of the rest of the peasantry. Growing out of what appeared to be the success of this program, the Diem government, at American urging, undertook a series of regroupment programs aimed at improving rural security. The successive programs had different names and each was larger than that which preceded it. Called variously Land Development in 1957-58, the Agroville Program in 1959-61, and the Strategic Hamlet Program from 1962 to Diem's fall—the current name is New Life Program—they embodied refinements in carrying out basic objectives. These objectives involved grouping disloyal villagers in secure districts, loyal villagers in rebellious or strategically important districts, and changing the settlement pattern to bring the peasantry under closer control of the Civil Guard posts.

A South Vietnamese village is not a settlement—it is a political unit. Within the village the peasantry live in widely separated clusters of houses called hamlets. A typical village might have, say, five or six hamlets, each of several hundred people. By grouping the hamlets together the task of controlling the population was made easier. Eventually, under the Strategic Hamlet Program about 80 per cent of the rural population was so regrouped and, as in the earlier programs, almost always involuntarily.

In the short run this triple program was successful. The peasantry were successfully neutralized, if we understand by this term that they were prevented from competing in the decision-making processes of the South Vietnamese government. In this sense the U.S. interest had effectively muted its major competitor. Of course, in a larger framework the policy was a dismal failure, since such frustrated interests as there were among the peasantry found outlet in the form of open and large-scale insurrection.

U. S. Ignores Interests of Peasants

Americans believed, as apparently they still do, that they were acting as trustees for the "real" interests of a politically simple and credulous peasantry. Yet they paid little attention to the apparent and expressed interests of the peasants. The desire for schools was one of these. Recruitment to the pre-colonial mandarinate had been at least partially dependent on merit, as measured by periodic competitive examinations. As a result the French had found a fairly high literacy rate in the rural areas when they began their occupation. Although they abolished this school system and replaced it by a smaller French-administered one (to which relatively few Vietnamese were admitted), the peasantry continued to place a high value on education throughout the colonial period. In many regions the Vietminh had built schools in 1946-54, but the Diem government quickly suppressed them. In the MSUG studies of Vietnamese village life, investigators found that the development of adequate schools ranked high on the list of expressed peasant concerns. Despite this, and despite the fact that in 1956 only 1,000 of Vietnam's 6,000 villages had schools, the USOM was content with a leisurely fourteen-year program to bring at least one school to each village. In rural medicine there was a similar situation. The French had provided fairly good rural medical services but these had been disrupted by the first Indo-China war, though characteristically in this area too the Vietminh had improvised an effective program. Again U.S. policy makers showed little regard for expressed rural preferences. Although tuberculosis and malaria were constantly at epidemic levels, although a USOM survey indicated that perhaps 15 per cent of the rural population were blind as a result of trachoma, and although other tropical diseases were rampant, planning encompassed only the modest goal of bringing first-aid levels of medical services to the villages at the end of five years. In addition, the very crucial years 1957 and 1958 were characterized by poor harvests, falling rice prices and a general increase in the price of manufactured goods used by the peasantry. There was no response to these problems from Saigon and its American advisers.

Besides ignoring peasant interests, the United States ignored the effect of Saigon's (and our) policies on the countryside. A land-reform program enacted with great fanfare in 1956 (and not actually begun until early 1958) demanded payment for land which the peasantry believed it already owned: the Vietminh had accomplished its own land reform prior to 1954. Naturally there was intense, and often armed, opposition. The centralization of village administration carried out by the Diem government on American urging in 1956 had equally serious effects. Over 10 per cent of the rice land of South Vietnam was owned by the villages themselves and, by conservative estimate, these lands were the chief (and often the sole) support of at least one-fifth of the rural population. Traditionally, the village councils had charge of these lands, and it was customary to rent them out at very low rates, the resulting income being the chief source of village revenues. Similarly, small acreages were also rented out to support the village *bonze* (Buddhist priest) and the priests of other religions and cults. Since all adult male villagers participated in the election of the village council the system tended to be a reasonably effective and stable way of protecting the interests of the very poorest classes of Vietnamese rural society. When Diem's appointive village councils replaced the electoral system in October, 1956, this protection was lost. The Saigon government immediately ordered the new councils to rent the land out at the highest rates obtainable, thus, in a stroke, creating serious religious grievances and, more important, canceling the livelihood of a considerable part of the peasantry. Finally, U.S. policy ignored the very real and deep desire for reunification of the 2,000-year-old Vietnamese nation. Vietnamese nationalism is a folk tradition; it has, as Martin Nicolaus of *Viet-Report* has pointed out, "more

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heroes than the Catholic Church has saints." Diem's refusal to allow the elections of 1956 which (as provided by the Geneva Agreements) would have reunified the country was a sharp blow against clear peasant sentiment. And in this action Diem had strong and explicit support from the United States.

In short, the U.S. tended to ignore or, when necessary, frustrate the interests not only of the peasantry but of all those Vietnamese who did not fit into the plans we had for Vietnamese development. Sometimes this took the form of ascribing our own interests to the Vietnamese as their "real" interests. Then when they came into conflict with American interests their activity was judged illicit and steps were taken to curb them, usually by force. This attitude, still prevalent, was most concisely expressed last fall by Henry Cabot Lodge:

> The Ambassador said that he would know when the war was won in Vietnam . . . when one morning the young man who's been in the Vietcong wakes up and says, "I am not going back today and the reason I'm not going back is (a) I think I'll get killed, and (b) I look around me and I see the rice and fish and the ducks and the coconuts, the pineapples, American aid coming in and life looks pretty good right here."

The French *colon* understood that good Vietnamese made bad French officers. Lodge, by arguing that even "bad" Vietnamese can be turned into "good" consumers, reveals a familiar tenet of contemporary American ideology. He suggests, too, that in exporting its goods and advice America exports itself as well.

The Nature of the Conflict

Anti-communism is only a stance; the commitment to economic development is a strategy, a program, an outline of actual policies. In this sense, the chief source of conflict between the mass of the Vietnamese peasantry and the policies of the United States Government was our commitment to a policy of rapid economic development. For Americans, economic development entailed a planned program to bring about a society of a definite kind—one that would set primary value on increasing productivity by means of the maximal exploitation of a given level of technical knowledge. The role of Americans and the influence of American attitudes were paramount here. The very meaning of economic development—with its emphasis on the production of consumer goods and a consumer class—reflects a desire on the part of most Americans to help developing nations follow the same course as American economic history.

But while most Americans think of economic development as something "scientific," out of the realm of politics, U.S. officials in Vietnam recognized that it was indeed a political matter. They understood that "modernization" required changes in Vietnam's institutions, and thus they were prepared to help design and execute the Agroville Program. They understood that it required profound social changes, for as the society and the economy changed and some classes and their functions became obsolete, new classes with new social roles had to arise. They recognized that outlooks and values would change inevitably under the impact of economic development, and so they concerned themselves with guiding those outlooks and values. They took a profound interest in the totality of the Vietnamese educational system, even to rewriting the textbooks; they undertook to establish and staff Vietnam's communications network in the early years and to advise it thereafter.

Our officials there understood that with change would come social and political disorder. As a Washington official put it to me recently: We understood that we had to "filter out anti-social behavior" and encourage what we believed

to be creative and integrating behavior patterns. Thus the Import Program encouraged the consuming proclivities of the urban civil service, while MSUG's police advisers and later our Special Forces men tried to "filter out" peasant rebelliousness.

The conflict which developed in Vietnam did not arise out of a failure to carry out a policy. It was not the stupidity of senior American officials which was to blame. This popular explanation holds that our officials grew too committed to Diem and his entourage and, as a result, allowed themselves to grow distant from events in the countryside. This certainly happened; but officials were not ignorant of the fact that the peasants were hostile to the regime and engaged in resisting it. This they knew; it was the very thing they had planned against since 1954. Their ignorance merely concerned the extent to which American policies drove the rebellion on and the ineffectiveness of the new countermeasures which followed.

Similarly, the conflict is not traceable chiefly to an overreliance on military aid as against economic aid though this is also a popular notion. Until mid-1959 U.S. military aid had little to do with the peasants. Until then the army, which obtained most of it, was kept within its posts because

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its French-trained leadership was still mistrusted by Diem. Of far greater importance to the rebellion were the MSUG Police Program, the Land Reform Program and the economic contrasts between city and country—each attributable to the economic aid program. Nor is it traceable to an over-reliance on authoritarianism. That Diem's regime was authoritarian did make it easier for U.S. development programs to be lobbied through, but it is difficult not to believe that even a very democratic regime would have found its developmental independence severely curtailed by overwhelmingly strong American influence.

The nub of the Vietnamese problem was not, as Senator Fulbright would have it, that we were trying to be the world's policeman. It was instead that we were trying to be the world's social worker. Only when that failed did we turn the coin over and call in the police. Yet in a deeper sense the policy was a "success." As intended, our developmental program succeeded in setting off changes in Vietnamese society, in Vietnam's institutions, in Vietnamese values. As expected, it created social and political disorder. But this disorder developed with such rapidity and such magnitude that it nearly overwhelmed our efforts to "filter it out."

Modernization, American Style

The conflict in Vietnam was and is in the very broadest sense a cultural one. The United States succeeded in imposing a development pattern which was but a thinly disguised version of modernization, American style. It succeeded in imposing this pattern but at the expense of allowing various elements in Vietnamese society to work out an alternative modernization pattern, one which would reflect the national past of Vietnam and not of the United States, one which would reflect the interests of the Vietnamese people not merely the desires of American technicians. The United States succeeded by damming up those social groups, particularly the peasant majority, which a normal pattern would have encompassed as its dynamic force. The pattern we brought about was imported — what was needed was a native one; it was bureaucratic — what was needed was a political one.

The French had proposed that their culture was relevant to Vietnam as something which, while remaining French, had universal aspects which could be shared in the form of a common heritage. By dominating the developmental process and imposing on it an imported pattern, American cultural influence attempted to determine the course of Vietnamese national life for the next epoch. Is it any wonder that good Vietnamese reject our pretty uniforms and strive desperately to throw us into the sea?

U. S. Welfare Imperialism: the Future

United States developmental policy in Vietnam is, to a large degree, the same policy that our government presses in the rest of the underdeveloped world. As in Vietnam, we attempt elsewhere to influence in a decisive way the process of economic development, the process which will choose the institutions, the social classes, and the values which will constitute the new nation that is coming to be.

To the other countries where we have development programs, we make the same forceful offer of our own economic experience; we expect it to be universally relevant, able to guide nations which differ in a thousand important ways from one another and ourselves. This requires the same dismissal of native interests and impulses. And as in Vietnam, the United States has the same overwhelming means to lobby its interest into effect.

This is not to say that there are not differences, but I fear that the differences are relative to the past, while the similarities bear most heavily on the future. U.S. economic interests grow daily more intertwined with government policy and more committed to its objectives. In Venezuela, for example, the oil and steel firms which play so important a role there pursue policies which are to a large extent integrated with those of the aid program. And U.S. officials seem committed to the proposition that Venezuela shall be the archetype for the hemisphere. In addition, while there remain nations whose rulers are not yet committed to the necessity for modernization, our government's activities have, with some exception, tended to decrease their number. That, of course, is the explicit meaning of the Alliance for Progress and the programs we pursue in Asia and Africa. And almost everywhere the influence of the old colonial powers wanes while ours grows stronger. In Belgian Africa and British India the long-run prospect is that American influence will replace that of the former colonial powers.

America is building a curious empire, a kind which has never before been seen. It is committed not to the exploitation of the native peoples but to their welfare. One must not overlook this fact and think of our imperialism as a variant of the colonial imperialism of a past era. They are not analogous. Certainly venality, brutality, the urge to acquire illicit power are present in our executive bureaucracy no less than the bureaucracies of the French or Portuguese. Certainly we too have our share of seekers after martial glory—the Green Berets come to mind—and overseas profits. But most Americans, military and civilian, in government and in business, believe that to the best of our ability we are working to help the poorer nations—not merely to increase our own power.

We have been so blinded, however, by our commitment to the ideology of modernization that we fail to see the political imbalance we thereby create. There has been no effective democratic counterpoise to our welfare empire overseas. Not only has this counterpoise been missing but the central thrust of our development policy has been to prevent its inception—neutralize it, filter it out—until the developing nation has achieved "stability." Whether the politics of such imbalanced development will ever permit stable societies to come about is doubtful. But the question is now academic. For the present we may expect to see the bureaucratic power of the U.S. Government more and more opposed by armed resistance as native peoples seek to control their own future.

America's welfare imperialism promises to disrupt the life of other nations far more than did the older colonial imperialism of the British, French, Dutch and Portuguese. Each of these empires was exploitative in the sense of seeking monetary profit, prestige and military or naval standing. But the United States seeks more from the underde-

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veloped world; it is vitally concerned with the central processes of social and economic development. Colonial imperialism dealt mainly with questions of boundaries, ports and commodities. But U.S. imperialism extends into the lives of ordinary people and tries to control them, now and for the future.

U. S. Policy vs. Communism

It follows, too, that our developmental influence is in some ways more of a danger to the stability of these conflict-torn areas than is communism, whether of the Soviet, Chinese or national variety. Our policy shows many similarities to that of communism, which, ironically, in some measure determined it. Our policy also proposes a universally relevant social blueprint, and surely this blueprint is no less "revolutionary" than the one proposed by the Communists themselves.

However, the revolt of the Hungarians against the Russian occupation in 1956 seems to have left within the Soviet Union specifically, and within Communist parties generally, an understanding of and commitment to the reality of independent national development. While the U.S. has also publicly agreed to the rightness and desirability of independent development, its agreement is merely rhetorical. In addition, American policy has at its disposal economic resources far greater than the Soviet Union or China. In the 20th century it is economic resources and technical skills, not masses of people, which are decisive in acquiring and maintaining influence over others. Those Americans who quail at the specter of an isolationist China which controls a quarter of the world's people might well consider the standpoint of Vietnamese, Peruvians and Nigerians who see instead the specter of an America which alone controls over half the world's economic resources and technical skills and is, as well, fully committed to an ideology of social and political interventionism.

We are mixing together the two great explosive forces of the 20th century. Our overwhelming resources and influence constitute, for most of the people of the underdeveloped world, what they believed was a thing of the past: the compromise of their national independence at the hands of an advanced power. And to this already potent source of violence we add all the turmoil inherent in the difficult process of transition, from traditional society to the modern technological age—from the familiar to the alien. The magnitude and tenacity of popular resistance in Vietnam are indeed stark warnings that this mixture is calculated to create Vietnams everywhere.

Some Proposals

There is a need and demand everywhere for the resources that bring about improvements in people's lives. Education and health programs, increases in agricultural productivity, a greater supply of useful manufactured items are all strongly desired by the peoples of the world. The United States, which alone is able to supply these resources in quantities equal to the actual and potential demand, has aided nations, as I have tried to indicate, in ways which seriously threaten their independence, distort their internal political life, and encourage the forces of chaos and disorder.

A way to get around this dilemma—which seems increasingly to be the policy of our government—would be to increase the counterinsurgency capacity of our armed forces: train ever greater numbers of internal security policemen from the developing nations; accept (as the Johnson Administration has already done in the Alliance for Progress) an inadequate rate of economic development in exchange for the decreased likelihood of social disturbance; practice pre-emptive pacification as we are now practicing it in Thailand, and attempt to gain from the Soviets and the Chinese the frank recognition that beyond certain real and imaginary international lines they will not interfere with the processes of our imperialism.

This, fundamentally, is the way of force. It is the way proposed by those who should rightfully be labeled radical nationalists, for they propose that the smaller nations of the world are to find the pattern of their future development already anticipated for them by the collective experience of the American people. They fail to see that the "revolution of rising expectations," as it is understood in this country, is a fiction—an eloquent phrase which projects the folk mythology of New Deal man over some two billions of unwilling Asians, Africans and Latin Americans. As successful Asian nationalists have shown in India and Ceylon, North Vietnam and China, Cambodia and Burma, the peoples of that part of the world will willingly make great economic sacrifices, supporting large military forces or enduring slower economic growth, if they are secure in their belief that the nation itself is free of foreign domination and that the great mass of the people are working together and with a sense of equality to build the national community. There is convincing evidence from Africa and Latin America that the same is true there, that national independence and social reconciliation come before rapid economic growth as meaningful objectives of government policy.

The object of a new and humane internationalism ought to be to support the great mass of the people of the world in governing their own lives as they see fit while offering such resources as we can afford and they can control. The following proposals are put forward in that spirit:

¶ Foreign aid programs must be removed as far as is possible from the cold war and its conflicts. The most likely way to accomplish this is by ending their bilateral character and placing them under the policy supervision and administration of an international body. Heretofore United States officials have seen such efforts at internationalizing aid as ways either of bringing our allies into support of our welfare empire or of sharing its costs. The object of this proposal is vastly different. To borrow a phrase from the counterinsurgency lexicon, the object of the proposal is to "filter out" overwhelming U.S. influence, to interpose an international agency between the donor nation and the recipient. Such filtering can never be wholly successful given the fact that the U.S. would most likely be the major contributor to the effort. But by bringing other powers into the administration of aid, differing national styles and objectives should serve to check any tendency toward American domination and provide more opportunity for the re-

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cipient nations to control the development process within their own borders.

¶ There should be a far greater reliance on the project approach to foreign aid and correspondingly less on the developmental approach. In the developmental approach, the system of American advisers attached to the recipient nation tends to become a shadow government: the structure of the host government is paralleled by a foreign aid mission whose capacity to coordinate information and influence is greater than its own. These parallel hierarchies, which any Communist organizer must envy, seem to be the chief means by which the host nation loses its sovereignty. In the project approach, of which the World Bank is a notably successful practitioner, projects are initiated by the host government, though *ad hoc* international assistance in planning is

available if desired. The team of foreign technicians is brought in on a commercial basis to work on the specific project, leaving when it is finished. This approach has four advantages. First, no parallel hierarchy is established. Second, the essential planning initiative is in the hands of the recipient nation and not those of the donor. Third, foreign technicians have a commercial contract status and are not present in the host country as agents of the donor nation and lobbyists for its interests. Fourth, projects are customarily supported, (as by the World Bank, for example) primarily on the basis of their economic usefulness to the country and its capacity to encompass the resulting economic infusion without distress. Cold-war political and military considerations, in principle at least, have no bearing on the matter.

¶ We must devise aid projects and other foreign assistance which will go directly to localities, semi-public groups, etc. One of the more objectionable features of our current foreign assistance in the underdeveloped world is that it inordinately strengthens the central government over the localities, the city over the country, and the meritocracy (usually the army and the civil bureaucracy) over the rest of the population. In an age where centralizing ideologies are so popular and influential, this has served to reinforce tendencies toward authoritarianism in those countries. Aside from our own anti-authoritarian political commitments, there are other important objections to this process. To the exact extent that a government can rely on U.S. aid it becomes independent of its own people; then it need not and probably will not govern well. Direct aid to cities, villages and other localities, to trade and cooperative associations, to organizations of peasants and farm workers should serve to correct this political imbalance.

¶ The U.S. should get out of the nation-building business and return to a classical style of diplomacy. Nation building is per se imperialist. The underlying assumption of a classical diplomacy is that the internal policies of a government may tend to orient another's diplomacy, but are not decisive for it. Here again the Yugoslavs provide a most cogent example. It was that nation—led by a band of ideologically intractable and recently victorious guerrillas—which first broke the bloc system of the cold war. Classical diplomacy clearly has grave limitations, but the degree to which it effects change by mutual consent rather than by unilateral coercion recommends it to the present world.

¶ To the extent that the United States, however unwillingly, is drawn into the internal affairs of other countries, its primary objective should be to encourage the growth of representative institutions. It has been axiomatic in foreign aid discussions that the only thing we cannot export is our political principles. Sometimes this view rests on a commendable desire not to bend others' institutions to our ways. But if the view rests on the belief that representative institutions are viable only in Western nations or in countries with large and literate middle classes, it seems very misguided. Parliamentary democracy is indigenous to the West, but the concept of representative government is not. Elected village councils in Vietnam, which played a useful and humane role, had a history going back several centuries. We have been destroying institutions like this when we ought, instead, to have been encouraging them.

¶ Private citizens and groups must play a more direct role in the conduct of our foreign affairs. Foreign policy is now too extensive and important an item to be left to the Executive bureaucracy. I therefore propose a division of labor. Let only the government itself make and break treaties and do all those things it did before the advent of welfare empire. Americans, individually and by groups, ought continually to enter into the conduct of foreign affairs, querying foreign governments' intentions on this or that question, visiting areas heretofore closed to private visits, exposing clandestine operations hidden only from our own public, communicating to the appropriate governments their reservations on this or that aspect of Washington's policy—in short, making the orderly conduct of our foreign relations as difficult as it can for the United States Government, just as we make the conduct of our domestic affairs as difficult as we can for the same government. Only a broad front of contact between private Americans and foreign governments and nationals is capable of providing sufficient information and a net of relationships to counter the extraordinary power which the development of military and communications technology has placed in the hands of our foreign-policy officialdom.

The usefulness of the proposal rests in the fact that the peculiar genius of our people cannot be transmitted through a government agency—not even the Peace Corps. Our

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fundamental egalitarianism, anti-militarism and sense of social justice cannot be thus transmitted, nor can our remarkable skill at bending government and its officials to our will. These qualities can best be transmitted through the participation and cooperation of private Americans in the popular movements of the Third World.

The Issue Is Freedom

The commitment to freedom, to its preservation and its extension, is at the base of America's moral rationale for its role in the world. This commitment implies our opposition to Soviet or Chinese domination of other societies, and it implies that within those societies we are committed to opposing home-grown tyranny. Our record is spotty on this last matter; on occasion, as in Vietnam, it has even been shameful. I believe, nonetheless, that this commitment to freedom is widespread both in our society and among our government officials. And our commitment to economic development, in the way it has been understood heretofore, is in fundamental conflict with it. Our understanding of the modernization process has entailed our control of it—indirectly, of course—by means of lobby and persuasion. Thus we arrogate to ourselves the choice of the future, the only dimension in which freedom is relevant to the underdeveloped world. The real issue is not whether Americans are determined to help other people. I believe that that is our aim. The real issue is whether our commitment to freedom is one that will, in the last analysis, create conditions under which people can be free.

WHITHER WEST GERMANY?

C. AMERY

Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities. His latest book, on German Catholicism, will soon be available here. As a member of Gruppe 47, Mr. Amery reported on their meeting this year at Princeton (The Nation, *May 16*).

Munich

In recent elections, the National Democratic Party (NDP) managed to create quite a stir in West German politics. Neo-Nazi groups have tried their hand before, and many such postwar groups have certainly gained greater popular support. But there are two features about NDP which give particular reason for concern: it has successfully integrated most extremist right wingers and has also proved particularly attractive to people between 18 and 21 years old.

NDP's success has led to a considerable amount of soul searching among the ranks of the political establishment. Cologne University, along with the EMNID poll institute, was asked to make a study of the motivations and possible future drives of West German right-wing extremism. The findings, published by Dr. Erwin K. Scheuch, have proved interesting.

Scheuch pointed out that it is still impossible to ask people outright whether they are Nazis or not. For purposes of his investigation, then, he attributed the following characteristics to his model "extremist":

¶ A strong preference for "leadership" over "liberty."

¶ A puritan approach to the question of public morals.

¶ A belief that the community is more important than the individual.

¶ An aversion to the present Western alliance policy (called "giving in to the victors").

Scheuch emphasizes that these characteristics do not necessarily define a "Nazi" but they can be safely used as an index of authoritarian, anti-parliamentarian attitudes. The researchers found that there is a core of voters in West Germany who think in these terms—about 10 to 15 per cent of the population (cutting across class and educational lines). Scheuch thinks that this percentage was—and is—rather constant. He cites a "Strategic Bombing Survey" of World War II which estimated that at the height of his power Hitler could count on 15 per cent of the population as "ideologically fortified Nazis." That the percentage of Nazis (or "Nazi types") has remained constant is a depressing fact, and speaks poorly for all the re-education efforts since the war; but it also indicates that short of a national disaster, right-wing extremism is not likely to develop into a threat to the parliamentary system.

Two particular results of the poll, however, deserve closer scrutiny. Scheuch found that a surprisingly large percentage of right-wing extremists favors a German-Russian entente; they would have the U.S. and Russia combat "economic liberalism" together. Scheuch also found that more than half of all German citizens questioned consider the "common welfare" more important than "personal happiness."

With this in mind, let us examine another aspect of domestic policy in West Germany: the drive for passing a set of emergency laws. Seven of these laws, deemed in accordance with the principles of our constitution, have already been passed. They provide means for the government to maintain stability in times of national crisis; it is able to take over production, distribution and personal services. But there is nothing in the laws about a time limit for these emergency powers—it is simply stipulated that a majority of both houses of parliament would be required to recall such measures. And there is no clear definition of "emergency," leaving the determination of this to the discretion of the government. Finally, the laws give no safeguards to freedom of the press, of assembly and of the right to strike.

Rudolf Augstein, in an article in *Spiegel*, argues that at least four of the seven laws are intrinsically unconstitutional. It seems, however, that the opposition party—the Social Democrats—have decided to play along. This year a constitutional amendment is planned in order to give a "legal" framework to these measures.

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What is the effect of the laws? Do they really prepare the nation for any eventuality? Not really, says Augstein. He points out that the measures envisaged (mobilization of the Civil Defense Corps, shift to wartime economy) would have pushed situations like the Cuba and Berlin crises of 1961 and 1962 beyond the brink of war.

Do these laws—as their parliamentary supporters claim—constitute a necessary last stone in the edifice of German sovereignty? It is argued that with these new laws would end the last allied prerogatives in the Federal Republic. Close analysis has shown that the allied "prerogatives" are either a myth, skillfully played up by the government, or *ipso facto* results of the fact that Western troops are stationed in Germany. No American commander, surely, would hesitate to ignore a German emergency law, if there were a war and his superiors ordered him to do so.

What, then, is the meaning of the drive to pass these laws? Does the present government or its supporters want a dictatorship? This does not seem to be the case. At present there is no dictator on the horizon. The only possible candidate for the job, Franz Josef Strauss, is out of favor; his maneuverings have become more awkward, his policy aims more befogged than ever.

What else does the government want—war? This might happen, but it is certainly not the government's intention. And it would be more than unjust to accuse the upright Social Democrats of warmongering. They must have other reasons. Since these are not discussed we can make our own guesses.

Herr von Hassel—the Minister of Defense whose attitudes can only be called 19th century—has demanded a speedy passage of the emergency amendment. His argument is most revealing: "The *Bundeswehr* (Federal Force) must know that it can feel at home in the common will for defense." The argument shows Herr von Hassel as a mental dwarf; but the imagery is significant. The army, and with it Herr von Hassel, has a need to feel "at home" "*geborgen*" (which means, literally, in a safe haven, embraced by motherly arms).

Our leaders are faced with problems worthy of giants, and they do not really want to face them. For almost twenty years, Herr von Hassel, the right-wing citizenry, and certainly the NDP voters have had to endure democracy; the bureaucracy has had to give at least lip service to the principle of public control; the leaders have had to direct a changing and confused nation. Now the government wants to curl up into a nice safe routine, even if such routine, in the face of reality, is mere escapism.

It is interesting to study the seven emergency laws that were passed: they are an orgy of administrative detail, a ritual chant in German officialese. The recipe for answer-

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ing any crisis is administrative ordinance—nothing else.

What about the Social Democrats' avowed aim to secure a minimum of democratic safeguards within the emergency framework? The sad fact is that they seem to be caught in their old fear—that of being thought "unrespectable" or "irresponsible." They would rather risk their traditional close ties to the trade unions than their new hard-won image of a national party "ready for executive responsibility." Their leaders have spent twenty years pressing their noses against the fence of power—pressing so hard that (to paraphrase Churchill) the rust has gotten into their souls. They fear now that unfurling the banner of liberty will only inflame anxieties deep within the German breast.

In a recent booklet entitled "Wohin treibt die Bundesrepublik" ("Whither the Republic?"), Karl Jaspers has analyzed these anxieties. He traces all present dilemmas to one root: the refusal of the majority, particularly the responsible group, to acknowledge its own part in the crimes of Nazi Germany. Jaspers, apparently, has too heavily favored the moral over political questions; but on the whole no thinking German can refuse to heed his arguments. His predictions are depressing. He foresees the rise of a faceless dictatorship—an oligarchy of party heads committed to implementing a policy that will lead first to loss of liberty, then to war.

There exists a curious agreement between Augstein's analysis of the emergency amendment question and Jaspers' broader view. They both conclude that a new war will not be the result of a reckless policy of revenge but rather the result of foolish and arrogant little steps in the wrong direction—of an atmosphere of repression—of a leadership that refuses to learn what the term really means.

What, the American reader will ask, can the United States do to help Germany on the road to a healthy democracy? First the U.S. must dismiss the principle of noninterference in the domestic affairs of an ally. "Noninterference" does not exist. The presence of U.S. troops in West Germany is interference; any Russian-American discussion over the future of West Germany is interference.

Certainly the United States cannot force the German people to embrace democracy; even if it could, a democracy that is "forced" is not a democracy. But the U.S. can make one thing clear to those in power in West Germany: that the two largest and most powerful nations in the world want peace; that increased military preparedness in Germany will not be tolerated. The Germans are very eager that the U.S. fulfill its European commitments—that it keep its troops in Europe. The U.S. can use this as a bargaining point. It can make it clear to the Germans that America's commitment in Europe will be treated with the same respect (or lack of it) that West Germans give to their commitment to help maintain peace in the world.

The question of freedom within West Germany is not primarily an American concern. However, it would hardly be in the interests of the U.S. to underwrite the yearnings of a few German souls for a closed society—a society that might answer certain emotional needs but would prevent any reasonable settlement for decades to come.

LETTERS *(continued from page 66)*

Mr. Meredith equates nonviolence with begging and pleading. *The Nation* editorial accepts this false assumption. Truly to practice nonviolence takes far more guts than to be a soldier, as you imply in your observation about it being a burden to the Negro people. But to accept Mr. Meredith's misconception as you do is as much as to say that the American Negro people who supported the nonviolent movement have accomplished nothing through it.

But what is more disturbing about the editorial is its suggestion that violence in this situation will accomplish for the Negro anything other than more violence and his possible ultimate destruction.

If *The Nation* has no better alternative to nonviolence than violence it has learned no lessons from history. Self-defense *can* be accomplished by nonviolence. There will be losses, even of life, whichever method is used, but the method of violence leads only to more disruption, hate and brutality. . .

Such an editorial as the one I am criticizing is to be expected from the shortsighted *National Review* but not *The Nation*.

Roland Wolseley

Mr. Wolseley has misread our editorial. We did not advocate violence—we merely said that the American tradition was one of violence, not of nonviolence.

Editors

unanswered question

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Several years ago, someone asked me if I knew that *Encounter* was subsidized by the CIA. "No," I said, and added that I thought it most unlikely. Then came *The New York Times*'s reports of this spring. I phoned the Someone. "My God, you were right!" I said. "Oh, no," was the reply, "haven't you seen the letters *Encounter* has sent to the *Times*? The *Encounter* people deny it completely, and the *Times* has printed a retraction." That, then, was that.

But eventually I did read what the editors of *Encounter* had written. First I read it as one reads things in a newspaper—hurriedly, selectively, finding what one is intended to find. So *Encounter* did not get money from the CIA. Yes, that *was* that. But, wait a minute, had they said so? I reread. Oddly enough they had not said so. They had said their contributors were fine fellows. They had said their independence of spirit was conceded on all sides. *And yet the main question had not been answered.*

May I put it to them in the time-honored manner: Are you now receiving, or have you ever received, money—through whatever intermediate channel—from the CIA? People who pride themselves on their openness of nature can surely be open about so crass a thing as this. People who pride themselves on knowing what goes on surely know what goes on in their own cash register.

Eric Bentley

correction

In Raymond Williams' "Letter from Britain" [*The Nation*, July 4] the sentence beginning "If the sailors get their raise" should have continued "then bankers abroad will decide that the Labour government's incomes policy has failed, and will no longer be prepared to support the pound."

Editors

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Spain's Agony: A Period of Exposure

THE INTERNATIONAL BRIGADES. *By Vincent Brome. William Morrow & Co. 317 pp. $6.*

JOSEPHINE HERBST

One of the few women correspondents allowed at the front lines during the Spanish Civil War, Miss Herbst reported from the Jarama front (on the International Brigades); from Barcelona in May of 1937; and from front-line villages in Spain. She is presently completing an autobiographical work dealing with her experiences in Germany, Mexico, Cuba and Spain during the thirties. The following came as a letter to the literary editor explaining why Miss Herbst felt she couldn't properly review the book.

So much has happened in the world since the Spanish Civil War that in the space of a review of Vincent Brome's *The International Brigades* what should be explicated for people who don't know the background has to emerge in statements. And I don't want to sound pompous about Spain. Nor is it possible for me to be completely dispassionate. I was and am a partisan. I don't like Brome's book. But it is a work of solid research and parts of it are of genuine value. It should be read in conjunction with other works; particularly Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil War* and Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia.* Orwell's book is partisan, and for that very reason brings insight to the Spanish character. Orwell did not fight with the International Brigade but with the Trotskyist POUM, and he was not in Madrid but on the Aragon front. Orwell's views are firm; he knew what he thought.

But Orwell was also misread once his book reached the States and the cold war was on. His book was taken as a blanket indictment of the Communists who were finally accused by our literary interpreters as the *cause* of the Loyalists' defeat. The story of Spain as told by Orwell and Koestler, and then vulgarized into a myth, has helped to cripple the political imagination of a generation. The Spanish Republic and its foreign sympathizers have been painted as dupes of the Comintern. The Communists have been painted as cynical conspirators, trading on the idealism of others. Thus, the story of the last of the great revolutions of Western Europe has been anachronistically distorted to fit the logic of the cold war.

July 18, 1966 marks the thirtieth anniversary of the Generals' revolt precipitating the Spanish Civil War, an event involving the passionate commitment of intellectuals in Spain and other countries to a degree unparalleled in contemporary history. Under the leadership of Freda Kirchwey, The Nation *was a distinguished voice during the years of the struggle to avert what was to result in a major tragedy of Western democracy.*—Editor

The truth is a great deal more complicated. Not that Orwell and Koestler were telling lies; they weren't. But the actual historical picture bulges out all around their accounts. It is true, of course, that the Comintern used Spain, and the Spanish Communist Party, for its own ends. Stalin's tactics were dictated by considerations of power politics. But without arms from Russia the Loyalists would have been helpless against Franco's aggression. A war demands firepower and at no point was Russia able to equal the materiel Franco got from Hitler and Mussolini. The governments of Britain and the United States apparently preferred to see Spanish Republicanism strangled rather than fight in support of a popular revolution. After Munich, the Russians gradually stopped sending arms altogether. In the same way, the Spanish Communists used the opportunity of the war to liquidate their rivals on the Left —the generous and passionate anarchists and Trotskyists.

I don't think it is possible to bring the Spanish Civil War to life without a confrontation of the anarchists and Socialists. Brome not merely skimps the anarchists—he sweeps them into the dustbin. He has nothing to say about the uprising in Barcelona in May, 1937, which pinpoints the decline of the revolutionary fighting spirit. He denigrates Durruti, the leader of the Catalan anarchists. It's true that the anarchists began to seem like a debating society. Centralization, even centralization for the war effort, had to be resisted. Governments, all governments, were evil. They said: "We want to be militiamen of liberty. To the front certainly. But to the barracks as soldiers not subject to the Popular forces, certainly not." They recalled that the people in the French Revolution defied the world; but Napoleon's uniformed army led to Waterloo. And nowhere in Brome's account is there the story of the early resistance to Franco which was led by the organizations of the Socialists and anarchists.

To impress foreign opinion, the government was composed of Liberal Republicans; it lost all authority when it proved inept in stopping Franco's advance. Through their party and trade union organizations the Socialist and anarchist workers became the real rulers of the country and the organizers of the war. Like the juntas in the Napoleonic war they were the effective organs of resistance. They armed the militia and carried the war against the enemy. By terrorism they destroyed or intimidated the enemies in their midst. They took over factories and estates, abandoned by their owners, and in one way or the other ran them. Where the anarchists took over, there was a definite policy of collectivization, intended as a step for a thoroughgoing revolution. The ruthless acts of the militia on the way to war cleared the way for the revolution and made certain there could be no surrender by the government and no fifth column rising behind their backs. It was this spirit which inspired the volunteers who became the International Brigade. I agree with Orwell that the men who went to Spain weren't going to help perpetuate some tepid notion of "democracy" but to help effect profound social and economic change. The slogan for democracy came later, and ironically enough with the Communists who appeared as unwilling as the existing outside governments for a genuine revolution in Spain.

Brome begins his book with a question: "How did it come about that in the year 1936 there gathered a modern crusade of men from America, England, Germany, France, Italy and Poland and half of Europe to submit voluntarily to a life of danger, hardship and death, in a mixed-up, brutal, and sometimes romantic war, which did not directly concern their own countries?" Who is to account for the possible secret motivations of 40,000 men? Why did people go to Selma? Or risk death and even die in Mississippi? Certainly what governments did or did not was the least of it. The democratic governments of the thirties were hardly models. For the youths the British dole or the handout WPA job was hardly an

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> The plight of twelve veterans of the Lincoln Brigade now being held at Ellis Island is another evidence of the inconsistency of our Administration's liberalism. Most of them are in danger of deportation to fascist countries where death or concentration camp awaits them. Though aliens, all had lived in the United States for many years before going to Spain. . . . "We have no home but the United States," they write in an appeal sent from Ellis Island. . . . "Some of us are married here. Not one of us has a criminal record, but all earned their living here honestly. Now we are detained on Ellis Island for trying to enter the United States illegally. Right at our door stands the Statue of Liberty. But she does not seem to like us. What awaits us in France? A jail sentence and possible deportation to fascist countries where we were born."
>
> —*Editorial,* The Nation, *October 29, 1938*

answer to life expectations. As late as December, 1936, the big auto sit-down strikers were fighting for union recognition. The decade of the thirties was electrically charged, and the lagging economy, which never picked up until the later war economy moved in, was not all of it; the *more* that was hoped for included visions as well as bread. Few of the men who volunteered for Spain knew the language. What did they know of Spanish history? But the Civil War was all of that history, rolled up into a knot as hard as a bullet. The violence in Spain sprang from the intolerable oppressions of the past; the Communists in their final cynical maneuvers merely topped a violence already vibrant. What the volunteers responded to was something in themselves—some need, some hope. That they miscalculated is not really the point. Who cared in 1936 if the Comintern was manning the induction centers? What does it matter if some of the Internationals were Communists and some not? Underneath, below the slogans, there are connective links which have meaning for us today. The war in Spain was not only 1789 and 1848 rolled into one. It was also one of the great social revolutions which have swept through the world and among which we live. Without some sense of the economic and social background, there is no way to communicate the blind, spasmodic heaving of a society in agony—and *that* was the Civil War.

Brome is not pretending to write a full history. But I believe his photographic studies are not sufficient at this date. He doesn't seem able to make up his mind about the fighting Internationals; at one moment they are heroic, then again, they appear more like the tattered crew of Brecht's *The Threepenny Opera.* This is particularly true when he relates scenes around the induction centers in Paris. For this he takes as guides Mrs. Charlotte Haldane and W. G. Krivitsky, a Stalin agent who later defected. Their facts don't need to be disputed, but I do dispute the coloration.

Mrs. Haldane became a worker in a Comintern induction center in Paris after her son volunteered for Spain; subsequently she was disillusioned about more than the Spanish War. Her ex-husband, J.B.S. Haldane, was in Madrid during the spring of 1937 studying the situation for possible gas attacks and eating moldy rice and stale bread with the journalists in the basement restaurant on the Gran Via. I imagine his coloration of the same facts would be quite different from those of his former wife. As for Krivitsky, even Brome admits that he "probably exaggerates." Between these two witnesses, the induction centers emerge as conspiratorial scenes; much whispering, dark glasses, sinister figures gliding in and out. Of course the induction centers had a conspiratorial, secret air. To cross the border to Spain had been made illegal by the notorious non-intervention pact. Hitler and Mussolini were getting their well-equipped troops in without any trouble. But the volunteers for the Loyalists had to make it over snowy mountain passes or by leaky fishing boats. None of this really matters.

As for the party affiliation of the men, I believe too much has been made of it. What *was* the Communist Party, so far as the volunteers knew it, in 1936? If you take the Americans alone, their attitudes were diversified, even among party members. In some ways they seemed more akin to the old Wobblies than to Bolsheviks. But again, it is presumptuous to deal en masse with these men. They were only in the mass as war material, and as war material they did what they could. Maybe they should never have come. But that's an entirely different question.

They came—and they offered their lives—at a time when the Communists seemed the only force willing or able to oppose the Fascist forces. Even this statement needs more background and qualifications. Trotsky's analysis of the Communist role in the Weimar Republic is devastating and stands up. But in 1936, what was remembered more was that the Weimar Republic had proved inept. How much was known actually about the Soviet Union in 1936? It was too late for men to become students of history. They had to take what was afloat as the war wouldn't wait. The Bolsheviks had been so thoroughly slandered for years that the climate created doubt about accusing rumors. The purges had not yet come to light. And in a decade when all the victories had been won, step by step, by the Fascist forces, the Communists were the one lone bet.

There aren't any easy answers about Spain. But Brome poses the wrong questions. Before the war Spanish Communists were a handful; 3,000 to 1.5 million anarchists. A year after the outbreak of the war the Communists numbered 300,000. By the end, they almost dominated the Republic. But they owed this spectacular advance to the timidity of the Western democracies. Without Russian intervention the Communists would not have achieved their position in Spain. The power to distribute arms arriving from Russia put the anarchists in their hands. The prestige of the Interna-

SONG OF THE LITTLE DEATH

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

Mortal lunar meadow
And blood under the ground.
Ancient bloody meadow.

Yesterday, tomorrow.
Mortal grassy heaven.
Light and sandy darkness.

There I met with Death.
Mortal earthy meadow.
Tiny little Death.

The dog on the roof top.
And my lonely left hand
Crossing endless forests
Where the flowers wither.

Cathedral of the ashes.
Light and sandy darkness.
Tiny little Death.

Death and I, a man.
A man alone with her,
Tiny little Death.

Mortal lunar meadow.
The snow heaped high and sifted
Across the very doorway.

A man, and what? I told you,
A man alone with her.
Love, light, and sand, and meadow.

Translated by ROLFE HUMPHRIES
(Reprinted from *The Nation,* November 28, 1936)

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tional Brigade that saved Madrid at a critical moment was another factor. But besides holding control of arms, the Communists had a dynamism no party in Spain possessed; they had discipline, organizing capacity, drive, understanding of modern machinery, political technique; something new in Spanish history. Their missionary fervor appealed to many youths.

The series of formidable reforms the parliamentary Republicans put into effect (particularly in the realm of education) after King Alfonso abdicated in 1931 merely alienated the old order without satisfying the masses. All great revolutions promise liberty and bread. By failing to give the second before they had given the first, the Republicans insured that Spain would get neither.

Brome has a rich source of material to draw on. Probably no other modern war has been written about by its contemporaries with so much passion or with so great a sense of loss. He is conscientious in his use of quotations, but taken from their shells they do not always ring true. Brome senses his difficulties and hence focuses on battle scenes. They are all excellent. But battles are the same in every war: fear, bravery, blood, death. He aims at objectivity and therefore often relates several versions of the same episode. But the episodes are not that important. This is a war where the cool look will not illuminate much. He gives sketches of the volunteers and is especially good at handling the more exaggerated types. But I could do with less about the nephew of Winston Churchill and more about the civilian population who took the brunt of the hardships and who also suffered daily casualties.

A connection between the Internationals and the Spaniards is important; the Spaniards became the test of the war and demanded fresh appraisals as their fate dangled in the balance. The war changed, and men changed if they didn't die. Some hardened to the required cast-iron state; some stuck by their views, right or wrong. I doubt if Brome's narrative form—chronological, precise as to detail, pedestrian—is capable of sustaining the wealth of the diversified material. In a certain sense, the movie *To Die in Madrid*, which has been running for months in New York, communicates more of the reality.

Orwell and others who went to Spain believed in the necessity of a genuine revolution. But how to get it? Not all Spaniards wanted it; it was a war intended for fundamentals, for the unlanded peasants, the many poor; and it was intended to lift the country from its rack of feudalism, to free it from its medieval Church. Hugh Thomas says the war was

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lost in London, Washington and Paris. But what prevailing governments would have tolerated the original revolutionary vision? Even the Communists damped down the revolution while fighting the war. For the kind of war it was to become—with the new force of Hitler and Mussolini—the Communists were the only group in Spain capable of promoting it.

Brome's last section dealing with the fate of the Internationals is his best, for he brings new material to light. The Russians in Spain were liquidated on their return to Moscow. The Americans and British were put in sealed trains and taken to points of embarkation for America and England. Brome doesn't know what happened to most of them. The Poles, Hungarians, Yugoslavs? Some became partisans in the Second World War. The Germans? They had no country with Hitler in power. Some got into the Second World War; others migrated to Mexico, the Argentine. The veterans weren't wanted in the United States. Americans and British, in some instances, fought with their nationals in World War II. In Europe, many joined with the Resistance. But they became an anonymous horde, modest, on the move; or passed silently into oblivion. Mostly, the returned internationals were an embarrassment to their countries of origin. Only Germany and Italy welcomed home their fighters for Franco in Spain with great thunderous celebrations. In the United States, the veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion fell finally into the blind alley of McCarthyism and were exiled from some of their legitimate hopes by the fateful designation "subversive."

The Spanish Civil War was a profound personal experience for me and I am hopelessly biased. It was also a period of exposure. Exposure can be merciless and when it is we can gain the most valuable sort of understanding there is to be had. Then we are forced to examine what we believe about ourselves and our experience, our justifications of our institutions, our practices and conduct.

Dear Sirs: A recent dispatch in the New York *Times* announces that General Franco is making arrangements for the reception of the tourist trade in Spain this summer, and I am writing to inquire if someone could inform me if there are going to be any personally conducted tours.

According to the account in the *Times,* no expense has been spared to make Spain an agreeable resort this summer. General Franco, for example, has ordered forty new and brightly painted char-à-bancs, which will swiftly transport the tourists from one end of his beautiful country to the other. In addition, it is understood that he has not only taken considerable pains in the work of restoring and preserving the most notable of the ancient ruins, but he has also shown extraordinary ingenuity in the creation of new ones. For my part, although I by no means share the too general lack of veneration for the monuments of antiquity, I must confess that on the whole the evidences of the modern spirit are more exciting to me. If I had to choose between two sets of ruins, I should be inclined to visit the new ones rather than the old.

To mention but a few that have already suggested themselves to my awakened curiosity—I should like to visit the various craters and ruined masonries throughout the town of Barcelona, paying particular attention to the subway entrance where a bomb exploded and killed 126 men, women, and children. I should like to visit the ruins of Madrid, the ruined villages around Teruel; and being of a religious turn of mind, I should like to pay a visit of devotion to the chapel, a photograph of which was recently reproduced in the press, where General Franco's wife and daughter go to offer prayers for the success of the Defender of the Faith.

—*Letter, Thomas Wolfe,*
The Nation, *May 21, 1938*

I Become 'La Pasionaria'

DOLORES IBARRURI

Known as La Pasionaria, Dolores Ibarruri was one of the founders of the Spanish Communist Party and an elected member of the Cortes under the popular front government. In the first days of the Spanish Civil War she gave eloquent voice to the resistance against fascism with the slogan: "It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees. No Pasaron!" They Shall Not Pass *is also the name given to her autobiography to be published in September by International Publishers. Primarily an orthodox Communist view of the war, it provides other intimate insights into the life of that period. The following excerpts deal with La Pasionaria's childhood and her development into a political radical.*

. . . I was born in Gallarta on a December day in 1895. I was the eighth of the eleven children of Antonio the Gunner, as my father was called because of his job in the mines.

All of my relatives, Castilians and Basques, were miners. My paternal grandfather died in a mine, crushed by a block of ore. My mother worked in the mines until she was married, and my father was a miner from the time he left the Carlist army at 18 until he died at the age of 67. My brothers were miners and my husband a miner.

I come, then, from mining stock, the granddaughter, daughter, wife and sister of miners. Nothing in the life of mining people is strange to me, neither their sorrows nor their desires nor their language nor their roughness. . . .

I've not forgotten anything. Among the painful memories of a sad childhood and an adolescence without hope, I see my father, an old man, cleaning up the wastes washed down the embankments by the rain or by the water from the ore tanks.

He worked with a small group of old miners like himself, who stood in a sea of mud with their pants rolled up above their knees, shoveling the mire, which contained small pieces of ore, onto screens.

When they came out of the water they could hardly put their shoes on. They were livid, trembling with cold, exhausted. But they couldn't give up that painful job. As old men they had no alternative. It was either that inhuman, killing labor, or begging; and begging was even more horrible, humiliating, dehumanizing. It meant picking up a piece of bread thrown to them as if they were dogs, or a couple of pennies, or just a "God help you." It meant becoming a heavy burden to one's children and entering a new social category, pauperism. It was better to die than do that. Better to meet death with dignity, working until the end. . . .

During my adolescence I was filled with a bitter, instinctive resentment which made me lash out against everything and everybody (at home I was considered incorrigible), a feeling of rebellion which later became a conscious indignation. . . .

As soon as we knew how to talk and walk we were taken to the kindergarten through which several generations of miners' children had passed.

In that school, and for the modest sum of one peseta a day, the teacher freed our mothers from the need to care for their small children during the greater part of the day.

The school, which was located in a large old house, was dark, cold and damp, with virtually nothing attractive about it. Our first school had the following educa-

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tional materials: Two ancient posters showing the alphabet in small and capital letters, riddled with holes from years of being poked at with pointers; a blackboard, and a map of Spain, which was never taken down to show us the towns and cities of our native land.

The "kennel" or town jail was located on the floor under our school, thus giving it a macabre touch. We could look through the holes in the old, rotten wood and see the men whom the law considered dangerous but who were almost always rebellious miners jailed on orders from their bosses, or men who had been caught in Sunday brawls, or beggars.

That incongruous relationship between the jail and the school, which was our first step in the acquisition of a social consciousness, made us cruel and tended to distort our natural feelings. Anyone who acted contrary to the established order of things was a criminal who had to be punished—that was how our teacher explained the arrests of the prisoners we saw. This impelled us to do our bit to help the forces of justice.

When the teacher was not paying attention, the older boys urinated through the cracks in the floor or poured water through the holes from the water jug. The infuriated prisoners below shouted and sometimes threw their shoes against the ceiling to the immense pleasure of the children who knew then that they had hit their target.

When the children were 7 years old, they were supposed to enter the elementary school, although sometimes they stayed in kindergarten until they were 8 or 9, because there were no places vacant.

At school we learned to read and write, but our real university was the streets. When we left school in the afternoon, it was there that we settled our childish arguments and quarrels and discussed local events, which often had to do with the tragic accidents that occurred in the mines almost every day. . . .

An average of 120 girls attended the elementary school for girls, and as many boys went to their own school. Class lasted from 8:30 A.M. to noon, and from 1:30 to 5 P.M. As for our teachers, they had to have truly encyclopedic knowledge for their task, and the truth is that some of them did. To their credit it must be said that they endeavored with apostolic zeal—between slaps and pinches—to combat our ignorance and polish up our intelligence.

Even though the children loved their teachers (I remember my teacher with real devotion, Doña Antonia Izar de la Fuente, who, old and retired, was killed in the bombing of Guernica), and even though the school was not ugly, with its large windows and its walls decorated with colored plates representing religious scenes from the Fall down to the Crucifixion, it did not appeal to us.

This was because of the routine teaching, the monotony of the classes and the application by our teachers of the Latin maxim, "Letters enter with blood." Many times we felt their pointers descend on our shoulders when we didn't know the lesson. . . .

At school we studied, sang and prayed. But we were the children of those miners who shook Viscaya with their strikes and protests, and although they forced us to sing at school of our love of God, in the streets we sang the songs from the union hall. These appealed to us even more because they were forbidden at school, so we sang:

Emperors and popes, kings and bishops,
And all reactionary ministers,
Say they are poor while they swim in wealth—
May their heads roll in the Revolution!

At school we sang:

The mountains of Vizcaya
Are pure iron and nothing more . . .
And her sons mine the ore
In utter joy and contentment.

But in the street we sang a stanza from the song which was considered the most revolutionary of all:

Come, workers, let us abandon
Fields, factories and mines,
Abandon the labors that enrich the idle
And get on with the Revolution.

When we were admitted to elementary school we really came into contact with science. "Who made the world? How many days did the creation take the maker? What did he make on the first day and the second and the third, up to the sixth, because, on the seventh, he couldn't do any more and rested?" This gigantic task of creating suns and constellations, millions of stars, larger and smaller than our planet, and every kind of plant and animal, from man and woman down to insects, Batrachia, microbes and viruses, was disposed of in a few brief questions and answers, repeated over a period of several years until they became an inseparable part of us.

The short and simple summing up of the most complicated problems of astronomy, natural science and world history which I assimilated during my school years from 1900 to 1910 was to be repeated to me twenty years later, in the sacramental words of the same text, when my daughter Amaya returned from her first day in school.

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In the church in my town, the "grave" where we prayed to the dead of my family was near the altar of the Passion, and on the altar there was a glass box in a niche with a bony Christ lying inside, the terrifying sight softened with a tulle and lace veil. Above the mortuary niche Saint John and the sorrowful Virgin watched from their respective recesses over the eternal sleep of Christ, while their pain was depicted with more or less artistry in their sad, pale faces.

My faith was concentrated on that altar. The sorrowful mother and her dead son moved me to tears. In that simple figure I worshiped the living image of the Virgin Mother, whose heart, pierced with seven daggers, shone on the black velvet dress. At times, when the reflection of the candle flames danced in the glass tears encrusted in the Virgin's face, it seemed to me that she was really crying. This made a profound impression on me.

I never stopped to think about what that image was made of, or for what purpose it had been made. I was used to seeing it just as it appeared on the altar, and if anyone had asked me, I wouldn't have hesitated to reply that it was made of rare substance and animated with the divine breath. . . .

Until one day, when my faith suffered

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a deep shock. The teacher in my school was curator of the sisterhood of the Heart of Jesus, and it was her responsibility to arrange the altar every week. She usually took the older girls along with her to the church to help her, and I went with her several days without anything out of the ordinary happening. But one day, following her instructions, I climbed onto the altar table to dust one of the niches. When I got down—without turning my back on the images, which was considered a sinful breach of reverence—I looked over my shoulder to keep from stepping on the altar slab and saw a sight that froze me in my tracks. Two Sisters of Charity were handling a kind of manikin without the slightest ceremony. Where there should have been legs there were two triangles made of strips of wood. The dummy stood on the bases of the triangles. Big wires ending in very white hands came out of the sides of the sack of sawdust, and on top—merciful heavens!—on top was the Virgin's head. Her hair with its blond curls undone fell over her face and shoulders as though she had just gotten out of bed.

My Virgin was like one of those scarecrows the peasants put in the wheat fields to frighten off the sparrows!

I watched them dress the manikin as though I were hypnotized. First a batiste chemise, then her petticoats and her dress, then they curled her hair and finally they put on her black robe with silver embroidery, her crown of stars and her heart with the seven daggers.

I shivered and my teacher asked if I felt ill. I stammered out an excuse. We finished arranging the altar and left. I didn't look at the Virgin. . . .

At 15 I finished school. I was in poor health and not able to go to work. This meant an added burden for my family, which I was reluctant to impose on them. Since my good grades qualified me for further academic training, I decided to take the one-year preparatory course for the Teachers' Normal School and then the two-year teacher-training course. After completing the first two years, my adolescent dreams faded in the face of hard economic realities; books, food, clothes were all expenses my parents simply could not continue to meet. So I transferred to a dressmaking academy for two years. After this apprenticeship, I worked as a domestic for three years in the homes of local businessmen. At 20, seeking liberation from drudgery in other people's homes, I married a miner whom I had met during my first job as a domestic.

My mission in life was "fulfilled." I could not, ought not, aspire to more. Woman's goal, her only aspiration, had to be matrimony and the continuation of the joyless, dismal, pain-ridden thralldom that was our mothers' lot; we were supposed to dedicate ourselves wholly to giving birth, to raising our children and to serving our husbands who, for the most part, treated us with complete disregard.

My mother used to say: "She who hits the bull's-eye in her choice of a husband cannot err in anything." To hit the bull's-eye was as difficult as finding a pea that weighed a pound. I did not find such a pea. May the happy wives forgive me; but each of us judges the market by the good values we find there.

Although I had no tendency to be nostalgic about the past, I used to long for the time when women worked in the mines. However brutish the work, it offered an outlet no longer available to women in the mining valley; in addition to wages it had added a social dimension to women.

When the demand for ore fell off and there was an excess of manpower, women workers were no longer hired. This discriminatory act was carried out under the hypocritical cloak of solicitude for the mother, the woman, the family and the home. Women were freed from brutalizing mine work only to be converted into domestic slaves, deprived of all rights. In the mine, the woman was a worker and, as such, she could protest exploitation together with other workers. In the home, she was stripped of her social identity; she was committed to sacrifice, to privation, to all manner of service by which her husband's and her children's lives were made more bearable. Thus her own needs were negligible; her own personality was nullified; in time she became "the old lady" who "doesn't understand," who was in the way, whose role eventually became that of a servant to her household and a nursemaid to her grandchildren. This was the tradition of generations.

When my first child (a girl) was born, I had already suffered a year of such bitterness that only love for my baby kept me alive. I was terrified not only

The Falangists and the traditionalists took communion in the morning, and before beginning their political work for the day used to go round to the jail and accompany ten or twelve to the cemetery. For half an hour they had target practice on them, and could then go back to their houses, kiss their children, and talk to them about morality, the family, and the country.

—*Ramon Sender,* The Nation, *October 30, 1937*

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by the odious present but also by the dismal, pain-filled future that loomed before me, as day by day I observed the lives of the miners' wives. Nevertheless, like other young people, I built castles in the air. And, full of illusions, I closed my eyes to my surroundings and built my dream house on the shifting sand of *"contigo pan y cebolla"* ("with you, bread and an onion"), believing that mutual attraction and fondness would compensate for and surmount the difficulties of privation. I forgot that where bread is lacking, mutual recrimination is more likely to enter; and sometimes, even *with* bread, it still creeps in.

Raw, stark reality struck at me, as at other women, with merciless fists. A few fleeting days of illusion and then. . . . Afterwards, the icy, wounding, pitiless prose of existence. Out of my own experience I learned the hard truth of the popular saying: *"Madre, ¿qué cosa es casar? Hija, hilar, parir y llorar."* ("Mother, what is marriage? Daughter, marriage is weaving, giving birth, weeping.") Weeping, weeping over our hurts and our impotence; weeping for our innocent children, to whom we could offer nothing but tear-stained caresses; weeping for our dismal lives, without horizons, without hope; bitter weeping, with a curse in our hearts and on our lips. A woman's curse? A mother's curse? What is so surprising about that, since our lives were worse than that of the most accursed?

Was life worth living? My companions in misery and I asked the question as we discussed our situation, our wretchedness. They spoke with resignation; after all what could we women do? I rebelled against the idea of the inevitability of such lives as ours; I rebelled against the idea that we were condemned to drag the shackles of poverty and submission through the centuries like beasts of burden—slapped, beaten, ground down by the men we had chosen to be our life companions.

I was then 21 and my daughter Esther was still an infant. When my husband's wretched wages were not enough to pay the rent; when instead of meat we ate a few potatoes cooked with red peppers to give them color; when we had to mend our *alpargatas* (rope-soled canvas shoes) with wire; when I had to patch the patches on my husband's work clothes; when, for lack of food, I hadn't enough milk to nurse my baby, I confronted my husband with a desperate question: "Do you think we can go on living like this?"

The answer was disheartening: "How do you think the others live?"

"The same as we. But I can't resign myself to living worse than animals. Let's go away; let's go somewhere else where

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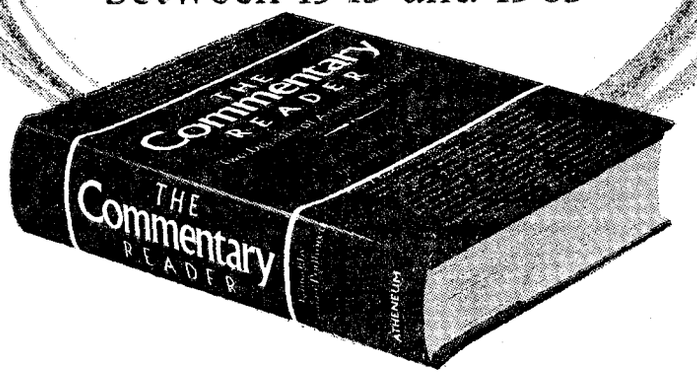

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life isn't so hard, where we can at least feed our children."

"Somewhere else? Wherever the ox goes he will be harnessed to the plow."

The intimate daily contact with harsh reality began to fray the fabric of my religious convictions. And every day I moved a little further from religious superstitions, prejudices and traditional fears of the supernatural. I was beginning to learn that our poverty—the lack of the most basic human necessities—was not caused or altered by the will of any deity. The source of our misery was not in heaven but on earth. It arose from institutions established by men which could be altered or destroyed by other men.

I began to read Marxist literature and for me it was a window opening on life. My ideas and sentiments began to change and take concrete form, although there was much I did not yet understand. My former Catholic beliefs began to dwindle, although not without resistance, as if they were determined to leave a shadow, a fear, a doubt in the depths of my consciousness. The struggle for a Socialist society—even though it was clearly not imminent—began to give content and substance to my life; it was the force that sustained me under the oppressive conditions of our pariah-like existence. The more I learned about socialism, the more reconciled I was to life, which I no longer saw as a swamp but as a battlefield on which an immense army of workers was gaining daily victories, advancing even through its defeats.

My new faith was more reasonable and more solid than my religious faith had been. Now I expected nothing from the mercy of an unknown and unknowable god; my expectations were anchored in the strength of mankind—our own strength, our own struggle. I was not willing to leave the world as we had inherited it. I would struggle to change it, to make it a better world, to open a path for our children that would lead to a society without oppression and poverty.

In my eagerness to learn, I read every book in the library of the Somorrostro Casa del Pueblo. And I must acknowledge that, accustomed as I was to Catholic literature of the *Quo Vadis* type, I found Socialist prose as rough as sandpaper. Out of sheer boredom I would let the "labor press" fall from my hands. (This still sometimes happens now.)

I read Marx and Engels, who more than compensated for the mediocre Socialist literature I had been reading. After virtually memorizing the *Communist Manifesto*, I boldly plunged into an abridged edition of *Capital;* although the selections were perhaps not the best, they helped me understand, if only on the simplest level, the cause of our poverty and the origin of our exploiters' wealth.

However, the study of Marxism was difficult for me, since there was no one to help or advise me; at that time there were no courses, no political schools in the vicinity. The study and understanding of Marxism was difficult for others as well. The secretary of the Miners' Union, a well-known Socialist, asked me one day, after I had begun to work on the publication *El Minero Vizcaíno* (*The Biscayan Miner*), how much I knew about socialism; he asked me what works I had read. I told him, and also mentioned that I was studying *Capital*; he looked at me pityingly and asked, not without sarcasm: "And have you understood any of it?"

"Not much," I answered, "but enough to learn the origin of our capitalists' fortunes. I've learned how surplus value is created. This helps me understand many things which, until recently, I thought had a divine origin; today I see them in a different light."

He smiled ironically: "How are you going to understand these concepts if I, who have studied them for ten years, don't understand them too well?"

> Anarchists? When I hear people decrying the Loyalist government of Spain because they say it is composed in part of Anarchists and Communists, I do not know whether to laugh or cry. Good Lord! Could there be greater anarchists under the sun than the war lords of today?
>
> —*Oswald Garrison Villard,* The Nation, *September 25, 1937*

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The Olive Fields Endure

THE OLIVE FIELD. *By Ralph Bates. Washington Square Press. 438 pp. $6.95.*

GABRIEL JACKSON

Mr. Jackson, author of The Spanish Republic and the Civil War *(Princeton University Press), teaches history and humanities at the University of California, La Jolla.*

Originally published in 1936, *The Olive Field* gave to thousands of readers their first understanding of the issues underlying the Spanish Civil War. It has now been reissued, and it must be said immediately that Bates's analysis of Spanish political emotions in the 1930s stands up very well to the test of historical perspective. *The Olive Field* is a novel about a community rather than an individual —the village of Los Olivares in northern Andalusia.

The political and economic life of the village had been dominated for several generations by the family of the Marquis Don Fadrique Guevara. But the Republican revolution of 1931 had created new currents of uncertainty, tension and hope. In early 1932, when the story opens, the villagers are working the olive fields in the same manner, and under the same direction, as for many years past. But they are also anticipating change, particularly in Church-state relations and in control of the land. Anarchists, Republicans, Socialists and Communists are all preaching to the rural workers and tenant farmers. The

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landlord, the priests, and the Civil Guard —the traditional holders of authority in the village—stand nervously on the defensive. During Holy Week a faction of the anarchists break up a religious procession and burn many of the images. The anti-clerical government, wishing particularly to avoid a confrontation with the radical workers, blames the local priests for "provoking" the outbreak. During the summer, a bitter drought tempts the workers to dynamite the dam which gives Don Fadrique control of the only dependable water supply for the village fields. But at the last moment the would-be dynamiters decide against an act of senseless destruction.

During the summer the workers also debate the meaning of the proposed land-reform law, but the passage of that law in September, 1932, makes no real difference in their lives. Meanwhile the drought has led to lowered wages, to the firing of many workers and to a poor harvest. The resulting poverty drives some of the workers to migrate to Asturias in search of jobs as miners. The scene shifts to Oviedo in October, 1934. Here a number of the main characters are reassembled to participate in the brief Asturian rising, during which the workers' militias held the city of Oviedo for about a week before the Foreign Legion and the Moors recaptured it under General López Ochoa.

I read *The Olive Field* during a week when I was also reading a number of anthropological works. Ralph Bates must have studied Los Olivares with all the care of a scientific field worker. He knows in detail the basis of the village economy. He knows its social hierarchy, its family structure, its religious and political life. He knows the standard of living, the manners, the style of speech, the hopes and fears which characterize every group in the village: the aristocratic landlord; the old priest, and his younger, more politically oriented assistant; the lawyers and civil servants; the tenant farmers and the landless workers; the peasant women, still deeply attached to the Church; the men, divided roughly among clients of the old regime, anarchists, and a minority who are evolving toward Socialist or Communist affiliations.

The story develops primarily around the personalities of the anarchist worker and guitarist, Mudarra; the olive worker and tenant farmer, Joaquín Caro; and the girl, Lucía Robledo, whom both men love in a different fashion. Mudarra is a man of great aesthetic feeling, but also of uncontrolled and destructive passions. He is recognized as a great musician by both the highly educated and fastidious Don Fadrique and by the popular audiences in the cafés of many Andalusian towns. He seduces Lucía Robledo, in full knowledge that his friend Caro is awaiting her answer to a marriage proposal. Mudarra is one of the leading rioters at the breakup of the Holy Week procession, and it is he who planned the abortive attempt to dynamite the dam.

Joaquín Caro is an intimate friend of Mudarra, but a cautious, less expressive individual. In politics he moves from an anarchist to a Communist outlook. In love, he is too inhibited, too uncertain of himself to win Lucía directly. After her seduction by Mudarra, Joaquín rejects both friend and sweetheart. One of the more dramatic, but not entirely convincing, scenes in the novel is a knife fight between the two men, both of whom seem to feel that they must settle accounts by battle. At heart, neither really wishes to kill the other. Joaquín injures Mudarra; the estrangement lasts, but their impulses to violence against each other have been satisfied. Both rescue Lucía when she tries unsuccessfully to induce a miscarriage. After her baby is born, and after Mudarra has been jailed, Joaquín marries her, but the memory of Mudarra prevents them from uniting their souls completely. During the Asturian revolution the friends meet again. In this case, true to the fundamental difference of their temperaments, Mudarra fights to the death as an anarchist, leading one of the desperate,

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Spanish Civil War Booklist

JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER: Julian Bell and John Cornford, Their Lives and the 1930's. *By William Abrahams and Peter Stansky. Constable (London), 1966. 430 pp. 50s. To be published in September by Atlantic-Little, Brown. $7.50.*

Reviewed in this issue.

THE OLIVE FIELD. *By Ralph Bates. Washington Square Press, 1966. 438 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed in this issue.

THE GRAND CAMOUFLAGE: The Communist Conspiracy in the Spanish Civil War. *By Burnett Bolloten. Hollis & Carter (London), 1961. 350 pp. Out of print.*

Markedly anti-Communist in tone, a well-documented and persuasive account of the events that led to the ouster of Premier Francisco Largo Caballero in May, 1937.

THE SPANISH COCKPIT. *By Franz Borkenau. University of Michigan Press, 1963. 303 pp. $4.40. Paper $2.25.*

Reissue of a book published in 1937. A vivid, sensitive, informed interpretation, based on knowledge of radical politics and on two visits to wartime Spain.

THE SPANISH LABYRINTH. *By Gerald Brenan. Cambridge University Press, 1960. 384 pp. $1.95 paper.*

Originally published in this country by Macmillan in 1943 and revised in 1950, it is still the best survey of social, economic and political factors in the period from the overthrow of the first Republic (1874) to the establishment of the second (1931).

LA REVOLUTION ET LA GUERRE D'ESPAGNE. *By Pierre Broue and Emile Témime. Editions de Minuit (Paris), 1961. 542 pp. 30 fr.*

History and interpretation written from a Socialist position. Not translated into English.

THE STRUGGLE FOR MADRID: The Central Epic of the Spanish Conflict, 1936-1937. *By Robert G. Colodny. Paine-Whitman, 1958. 256 pp. $6.*

An excellent military history by an American who fought in the Lincoln Battalion.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE. *By J. Alvarez del Vayo. Alfred A. Knopf, 1940. 381 pp. $4.50.*

Story of the Franco rebellion and the Civil War from 1936 to the end.

THE WOUND IN THE HEART: America and the Spanish Civil War. *By Allen Guttmann. The Free Press, 1962. 292 pp. $5.95.*

A comprehensive analysis of American responses and interpretations and a sympathetic account of why Americans reacted as passionately as they did.

APPEASEMENT'S CHILD: The Franco Regime in Spain. *By Thomas J. Hamilton. Alfred A. Knopf, 1943. 327 pp. Out of print.*

A good overlook of Spain before, during and after the war, with information on the roles played by Germany, Italy, England, the United States and Russia. Hamilton reported from Spain for *The New York Times* 1937-39.

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC AND THE CIVIL WAR: 1931-1939. *By Gabriel Jackson. Princeton University Press, 1965. 578 pp. $12.50.*

Balanced in assessments, this is the most trustworthy of comprehensive accounts in English on the Republic and on the war as it took place inside Spain. (Reviewed by Jose Yglesias, *The Nation,* November 29, 1965.)

MAN'S HOPE. *By André Malraux. Random House, 1938. 511 pp. Out of print in English.*

Less well known than Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* for which less historical background is necessary, this novel is the best of those written about the war.

THE YOKE AND THE ARROWS. *By Herbert L. Matthews. George Braziller, 1961. 258 pp. $4.*

A first-rate reporter's account of the Civil War first published in 1957 and revised in October, 1960, after Matthews' fourth visit. (Reviewed by Joseph Silverman, *The Nation,* September 7, 1957.)

HOMAGE TO CATALONIA. *By George Orwell. Beacon Press, 1955. 232 pp. $1.75.*

Paperback edition of the novelist's famous work. An honest, personal account of his experiences with the POUM militia and in the street fighting in Barcelona in May, 1937. (Original edition, published by Harcourt, Brace, was reviewed by Herbert Matthews, *The Nation,* December 27, 1952.)

FALANGE: A History of Spanish Fascism. *By Stanley G. Payne. Stanford University Press, 1961. 316 pp. $6.*

The first reliable study of the origins and the present role of the movement.

SPAIN AND THE GREAT POWERS: 1936-1941. *By Dante A. Puzzo. Columbia University Press, 1962. 296 pp. $7.50.*

A survey of the international complications of the war.

THE LINCOLN BATTALION. *By Edwin Rolfe. Available through Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade. 321 pp. $2.*

A first-hand account by a poet who fought in the battalion and edited *Volunteer for Liberty,* the newspaper of the English-speaking battalions. (Reviewed by Samuel Romer, *The Nation,* November 18, 1939.)

THE UNITED STATES AND THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR: 1936-1939. *By F. Jay Taylor. Bookman Associates, 1956. 288 pp. Out of print.*

Outdated in some respects but still a good study of American diplomacy, with some attention given to the domestic sources of foreign policy.

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR. *By Hugh Thomas. Harper & Row, 1961. 720 pp. $8.50. Paper $2.95.*

Lively, and good in analysis of military aspects of the war, but not always reliably documented and sometimes erratic in judgment. (Reviewed by Ramon Sender, *The Nation,* September 30, 1961.)

BRITAIN DIVIDED. *By K. W. Watkins. Thomas Nelson (London), 1963. 270 pp. 30s.*

Traces the political response with emphasis on the formation of policy toward Spain by the Conservative Party.

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> If I search through the privacy of my own mind, using every scruple to reject all that comes from prejudice and instinctive passion, I can still only give one answer. The true Spanish creation, the creative tradition, is in the keeping of those men who have gone out to battle, ill-armed, often literally unarmed, against the destructive machines of international fascism.
>
> —*Ralph Bates,* The Nation, *January 23, 1937*

suicidal groups that tried to resist the entry of government troops. Caro, now a Communist, favors calling off the struggle after it has become clear that all rational hope of a successful Asturian revolution has been lost, and that the army and the Moors are about to enter the city in overwhelming force. At the end of the novel Joaquín and Lucía, having escaped over the mountains from Asturias, decide to return to Los Olivares.

There are many other vivid portraits, such as Argote, the *mayordomo* of the Guevara estate, a master olive farmer, work director and political boss. There is Justo Robledo, the intelligent town secretary, with a weakness for tomcatting, and an understanding attitude toward his sister Lucía and her rival lovers. There is the aristocratic Don Fadrique, lover of fine books and guitars, devoted neurotically to the memory of his deceased wife, and most parsimonious in his contributions to the local priests and Holy Week brotherhoods. There is the cowardly, but intelligent and ambitious young curate Soriano. There is the coldly efficient Civil Guard captain, Montaña, well informed on local politics, and as ready to shoot demonstrating workmen under the Republic as under the Monarchy.

> I well know that war is violence. I know too that a government bomb might by accident miss its military objective, and fall into a city and wound civilians. . . . We destroyed the airdrome of Seville but we did not bombard Seville. We destroyed the airdrome of Salamanca, but we did not bombard Salamanca. I destroyed the airdrome of Avila at Olmedo, but I did not bombard Avila. For many months now the Fascists have been bombarding the streets of Madrid.
>
> —*André Malraux,* The Nation, *March 20, 1937*

> Have we then no hearts? No understanding? Shall we let ourselves be unresistingly deprived of our last remnant of free human judgment by interest, which unfailingly appeals to the worst instincts, though it clothe itself in lying names such as order, culture, God, and native land?
>
> —*Thomas Mann, "I Stand with the Spanish People,"* The Nation, *April 17, 1937*

Bates's great strength lies in his authentic characterization of the villagers and their way of life. He respects and understands the viewpoints of all his characters; few novelists have known peasants and workmen as intimately as he. Some weaknesses would seem to be inevitable in a work which attempts to be historically accurate and, at the same time, to portray the inner lives of people whose language is not that of the author. "Wounds, man," and "God's teeth" are the accurate equivalents of colloquial phrases used by Andalusian peasants, but they cannot be made to sound equally natural and colloquial in English. Similarly, since he cannot assume the reader's knowledge of Spanish life, Bates must explain that "chewing iron" means to court a girl at her window. Many a political dialogue is also more self-consciously elementary than would have been necessary if the author were writing about a country and people well known to his readers. An editor of classics in translation, or the author of a nonfictional narrative, can gracefully supply the necessary background explanations, but a novelist is greatly hampered if he must constantly explain political and cultural traits, and if his dialogue must depend on untranslatable colloquialisms.

The Asturian episode comprising the last 80 pages of the novel fails to establish the intimate, lived-through quality of the major portion which depicts events in Los Olivares. And the end of the novel is puzzling. Joaquín and Lucía—having escaped from Asturias after the collapse of the revolution—help an old peasant repair a water course. They enjoy his gratitude and his hospitality, and Joaquín dreams happily of the town and the olive groves to which they are returning. Since the earlier events of the novel clearly have symbolic meanings, the reader assumes that the same is true for this final incident. The chapter suggests an end to strife, and a more satisfactory relation between husband and wife. But has anything changed in Los Olivares? Have the political struggles and the Asturian fighting been meaningful? What have Joaquín, Lucía and others learned from their atrocious sufferings? Is the desire for a peaceful farm life the only sentiment with which they face the future? This ambiguity perhaps reflects the author's honest uncertainty as to the ultimate meaning for the survivors of the events preceding the Spanish Civil War which he has so powerfully described.

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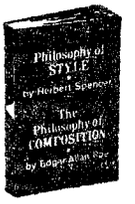

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The Meaning of the Journey

JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER: Julian Bell and John Cornford, Their Lives and the 1930's. *By William Abrahams and Peter Stansky. Constable (London). 430 pp. 50s.*

PETER HATCH

Mr. Hatch is a recent graduate of Princeton University. He has just completed a novel and will be attending graduate school at the University of Toronto next year.

The Spanish Civil War is often said to have been the decisive event for young English intellectuals of the 1930s. Peter Stansky and William Abrahams say it again and have tried to write a history of certain aspects of the English thirties through the biographies of two young Englishmen who died in Spain.

Julian Bell was the son of Vanessa and Clive Bell and the nephew of Virginia Woolf. He was brought up in the midst of the flourishing Bloomsbury circles, went to a Quaker public school and to King's College, Cambridge. He spent a year and a half teaching in a Chinese university and then went to Spain where he was killed driving an ambulance when he was 29.

John Cornford came from an equally distinguished family. His father was the famous classicist, F. M. Cornford, and his mother, Frances Cornford, was a widely published poet. His great-grandfather was Charles Darwin. He went to a preparatory school and a public school, and at the age of 17, to Cambridge. Before going to Cambridge, he worked for part of a year in various London left-wing organizations; and at the university, he became one of the chief Communist leaders. He was an outstanding student and could have stayed on at Cambridge after his undergraduate years, but instead he went to Spain to see a people's war and stayed to fight. He was killed in 1936, either on, or the day after, his 21st birthday.

There have been many memoirs of the war in Spain and there are an increasing number of histories. Ideally, this book would fall somewhere between the two categories. It would have much of the immediacy and enthusiasm of a memoir but would place the lives of these two young men in a wide historical setting of the events leading up to the war and the war itself. But unfortunately, there is never very much interest generated either in the war or in the importance one would expect it to have had for Bell and Cornford. The authors say that they have pursued the question: "Why, and how, had John Cornford and Julian Bell gone out to Spain?" In order to do so they have had to "go back into the early 1930's, and the 1920's, and the years of the First World War, and the plush Edwardian era, and even the final decades of the nineteenth century." The problem is that they have gone back to what is irrelevant to the lives of John Cornford and Julian Bell.

One result is that the biographies themselves are often too sketchy to give any real sense of what these two men were like. For example, it is said that there is some significance in the war games which Julian played as a child, but the authors never give any clear idea of how they are significant or how they differ from the war games of every other young boy. It is the particular details which would make Julian understandable that are missing. Again, the love affairs of the two young men are obviously important; but too often only the barest facts are given, making it difficult to tell what their motivations are in crucial situations. While John was at Cambridge, he lived quite openly with a girl he is said to have loved very much: "They were deeply fond of each other, and so, when Ray became pregnant, that did not disturb them; in fact, they rather enjoyed shocking the more 'respectable' of their friends." But only a few sentences later it is said that "the arrival of the child simply hurried the process of separation, which had actually begun some months before," and that is all that is to be said about John Cornford's relationship to his first mistress and his only child.

The problem is similar in the descriptions of Julian's love affairs, but it is aggravated by having his women lettered "A" through "M." If it is important that all of his women remain anonymous it would be better to give them fictitious names. As it is, it suggests a callousness toward them which is probably unfair to him.

It is in only one section of the book, "Julian Bell in China," that the authors begin to get close to either of the people they are writing about. Since his trip to China is entirely irrelevant to the historical aspects of the book dealing with the thirties in England, they are forced to concentrate on the details of his life as a teacher and on his affair with "K," the wife of one of his Chinese colleagues. In this section, they show—rather than merely tell about—his inability to come to decisions, his defensiveness toward strong emotional attachments, and his peculiarly strong relationship with his mother (he writes her detailed letters about the affair). There is often the feeling that the authors are holding back all the most important biographical material and only stating that it exists.

Because the authors manage not to get very close to Cornford or Bell, the decision of each of them to go to Spain does not seem as interesting or as important as it should. Moreover, the history of the broader English interest in the war, of the enthusiasm which certainly was growing, is entirely missing from their account. They give quite a good picture of the rapid surge of left-wing activity in Cambridge from 1930 to 1936, but they break off early in the war because Cornford died very soon after it began, and Bell was in China during most of the period when interest in the war was building in England. Still, since the book goes up to July, 1937, there should have been some way to include what would seem essential material. There are interesting comparisons which could be made between the attitude of the Left in the thirties toward the Spanish Civil War and the attitude of the American Left in the sixties toward the war in Vietnam. The contrasts are perhaps more striking than the similarities. The English Government was not the chief villain with respect to the war in Spain; but in both instances, a great many people, who were not otherwise strongly committed to the Left, joined a particular cause. It is unfortunate that the book does not provide a basis for such comparisons.

Of the quarter of the book which actually deals with the Spanish Civil War, much is based on the best-known memoirs and histories (particularly on Hugh Thomas' *The Spanish Civil War*). There are a few interesting details of the parts played by Cornford and Bell, but too often the history of the war which the authors give seems familiar and secondhand. "During the day the advance continued without the loss of any territory," is probably the most widely quoted sentence to come out of the war; it is unfortunately too characteristic of the authors' selection of historical material that they have included it.

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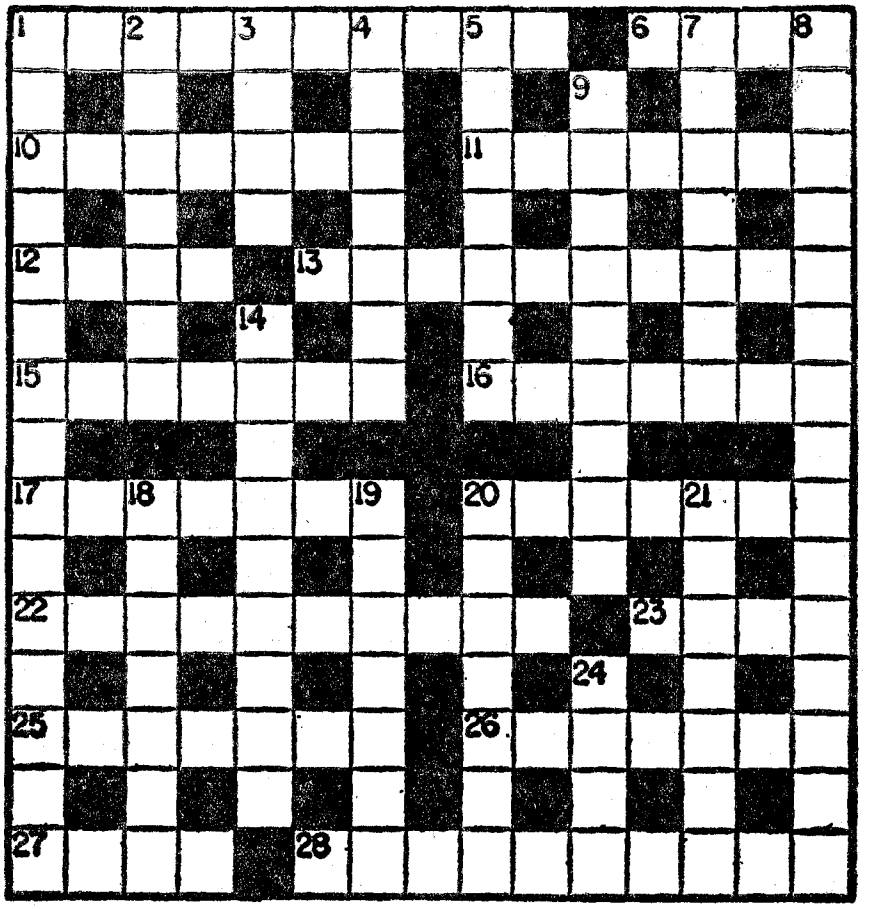
Crossword Puzzle No. 1162

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Butterfly time, good eventually! (3, 4, 3)
6 Sultanate practically equivalent to the head of 8. (4)
10 A logical place to see the surrounding country. (7)
11 Might be thrown by one not in perfect balance. (7)
12 They might raise hob when a British politician is around. (4)
13 Formerly Edinburgh that Scott gave a heart to. (10)
15 Certain aspects of a number of wise men? (7)
16 Are they likely to skip on the way to school? (7)
17 Are they typified by Goldilocks when it comes to soup, or parts of beds? (7)
20 Such language at a family gathering around! (7)
22 One isn't on shaky ground here. (5, 5)
23 Is this a book a body returns? (4)
25 His name sounds right for a birdman!
26 Put two and two together to finish a number of things in addition. (7)
27 Unique fish found on the bottom? (4)
28 Did reputedly what it pays to do. (10)

DOWN:

1 "Come in!" "Entrez!" "Kommen Sie!" (4, 11)
2 Slips away and somehow sees about a little percussion job! (7)
3 One was considered great, and one terrible. (4)
4 Those who are not my friends see mine in a different light. (7)
5 Like to chance this? (Elaine's home!)
7 I follow a branch of learning in place of 8, but one would probably appear strange here. (7)
8 Donne's answer to the question "Is a tailless cat's home part of the continent?" (2, 3, 2, 2, 6)
9 Equivalent to escheat, which is wrong? (9)
14 The sort of girls the Lord Chancellor gave away in Iolanthe? (9)
18 Confess to pound, contract and wrinkle? (7)
19 Compensation, point by point. (7)
20 Study relative worth, and arrive at about an acceptable standard. (7)
21 What Jeremiah does for people in last straits. (7)
24 A straightforward entrance of mine might get an E in Communication. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1161

ACROSS: 1 Undermine; 6, 30 and 11 Forget oneself; 10 Rolling; 12 Rubber; 13 Wish; 15 Silencer; 16 Rang up; 18 Esther; 20 Defrayed; 23 More; 24 Strewn; 25 Nod; 28 Oviform; 29 Rompers; 31 Solecisms. DOWN: 1 Uncle; 2 Dutiful; 3 Road runner; 4 Indebted; 5 Earned; 6 File; 7, 9 and 27 Raining cats and dogs; 8 Egg-shaped; 14 Patronymic; 15 Steamboat; 17 Referral; 19 Torsion; 21 Yankees; 22 Stumps; 26 Disks.

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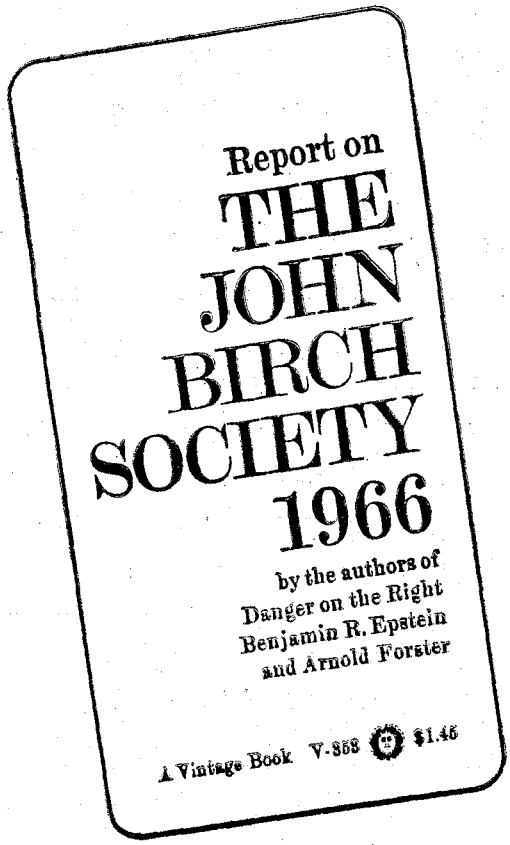

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